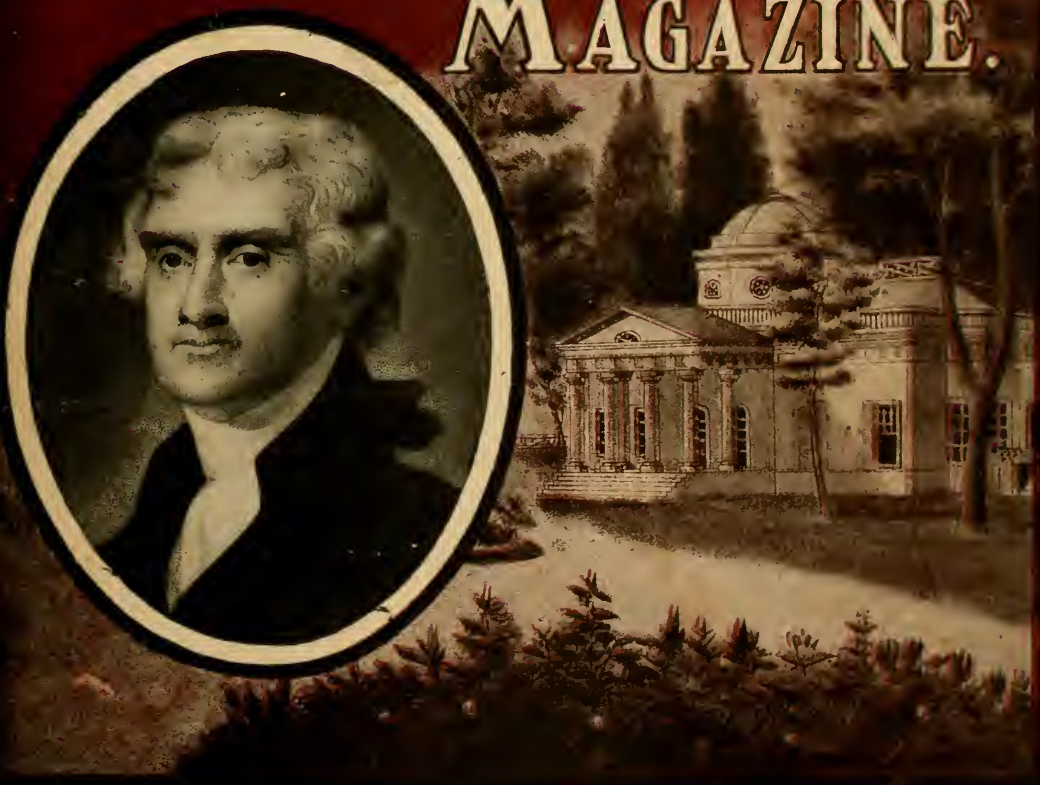
APRIL, 1908.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.



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THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 2. APRIL, 1908. NO. 4

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A Song of Bygones.

by Elizabeth Ruggles

O, the drift of the silent years,
And the surge of the restless sea,
And the cry of my heart as it yearns to thee
With the ache of its unshed tears!

O, the song that we loved, the flowers
That we found by the woodland stream,
And the orioles' note and the joy of the dream
That we dreamed in those golden hours!

Was it only a dream to thee
That could pass with the violets' breath,
And the song that we loved but a chant of death
For the love thou had'st vowed to me?

O, the drift of the silent years,
That could bear thee so far from me,
Leaving naught in my heart but a memory
And the ache of its unshed tears!

Sunday Magazine

THE ENCROACHMENTS AND USURPATIO. S OF THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY.

The only country, so far as I know, which permits a judge to set aside a law which has been duly enacted by the Legislature and approved by the Chief Executive, is the United States. In Great Britain, an Act of Parliament, sanctioned by the King, is the law of the land no matter what any judge may think about it. This is true also of France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal and Russia.

The English system of government is supposed to be one of checks and balances. Theoretically, there are three great departments,—the Executive, the Judicial and the Legislative. Each of these departments of government is supposed to be a check upon the other. In this way, usurpation and tyranny are held at bay, and the liberties of the people preserved. If the Executive, as represented by the King, should encroach upon the judicial power in Great Britian, the entire country would be up in arms, instantly. If the Executive, represented by the King, should encroach upon the legislative, an insurrection would follow. In like manner, if a judge, no matter how great his jurisdiction and authority, should undertake to nullify the action of the Legislative, or the Executive, the encroachment would meet with prompt resistance.

Our own system is supposed to be modeled after that of the mother country. Theoretically, the three great departments are jealously kept separate. We imagine that we have the same system of checks and balances that the people of the mother country enjoy, and that in this way we preserve the liberties of the subject and prevent usurpation and tyranny on the part of the government. In practice, however, we have set up a judicial tribunal, which, in the last resort, arrogates to itself the right to say whether laws shall stand, or not.

When the Constitutional Convention of 1789 convened, we must bear in mind that the thirteen states of the old confederation were separate and independent political bodies. As absolute equals, each independent of the other, they had fought for Independence. As thirteen separate, sovereign communities, they had won their triumph, and as thirteen separate, independent states, Great Britain had acknowledged their independence.

I think it must be admitted that while these thirteen states were extremely jealous of their independence, and none of them intended to yield to each other in matters of state's rights, they did agree to concede to the Supreme Court of the United States jurisdiction and authority to pass upon the constitutionality of state laws; but in framing the

Judiciary Act, which set up the federal courts under the new constitution. Congress was careful to limit the manner in which the constitutionality of a state law could be called in question. Oliver Ellsworth was the framer of the Judiciary Act which established the federal judiciary, and he framed the clause No. 27, which distinctly provides that the test of the constitutionality of a state law shall be made first in the state court; carried to the State Supreme Court, and from the Supreme Court of the state to the Supreme Court of the United States. This original clause of the Judiciary Act of 1789 is found in Section 709 of the Revised Statutes.

It never was contemplated by The Fathers that the constitutionality of state laws should be passed on by any federal court lower than the Supreme Court. It was meant that the lower federal courts should take the state laws as binding, until they had been set aside in the manner prescribed by Section 709 of the Revised Statutes. In this way the dignity of the state was to be preserved. It was never contemplated by these thirteen original states that their laws should be annulled by lower federal courts, and the state thus paralyzed in its action as a state.

From the very beginning, the danger of the usurpation of authority on the part of the Federal Judiciary was recognized. Again and again, Mr. Jefferson pointed out this fatal defect in the federal system. Even before the new Constitution had been adopted, he was writing to his friends, calling their attention to the fact that under this grant of power to the federal courts the liberties of the people might be taken away, and the nature and spirit of the government entirely changed. In his well-known letter to Thomas Ritchie, he declared: "The Judiciary of the United States is the subtle corps of sappers and miners, constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric. They are construing our constitution from a co-ordination of a general and special government to a general and supreme one alone."

In a letter to Judge Johnson, he says: "I canot lay down my pen without recurring to one of the subjects of my former letter, for in truth there is no danger I apprehend so much as the consolidation of our Government by the noiseless and therefore unalarming instrumentality of the Supreme Court. This is the form in which Federalism now arrays itself."

In a letter to W. H. Torrance, Mr. Jefferson says: "The second question, whether the judges are invested with exclusive authority to decide on the constitutionality of a law, has been heretofore a subject of consideration with me in the exercise of official duties. Certainly there is not a word in the Constitution which has given that power to them more than to the Executive or Legislative branches. Questions of property, of character and of crime, being ascribed to the judges through a definite legal proceeding, laws involving such questions belong, of

course, to them; and as they decide on them ultimately, and without appeal, they of course decide for themselves. The constitutional validity of the law or laws prescribing executive action, and to be administered by that branch ultimately and without appeal, the Executive must decide for *themselves*, also whether under the Constitution they are valid or not; also as to laws governing the proceedings of the Legislature, that body must judge for itself the constitutionality of the law, and equally without appeal or control from its co-ordinated branches. And, in general, the new branch, which is to act ultimately and without appeal, is the rightful expositor of the validity of the law, uncontrolled by the opinions of the other co-ordinated authorities."

In debating the judiciary system of the United States Senate, the celebrated James Jackson, of Georgia, said: "We have been asked if we are afraid of having an army of judges. For myself, I am more afraid of an army of judges, under the patronage of the President, than of an army of soldiers. The former can do us more harm. They may deprive us of our liberties, if attached to the Executive, from their decisions; and from the ten-year office contended for, we cannot remove them; while the soldier, however he may act, is enlisted, or, if not enlisted, only subsisted, for two years; whilst the judge is enlisted for life, for his salary cannot be taken from him."

During the same debate, that great Democrat and Legislator, George Mason, of Virginia, said: "The judges of courts of law, as I understand them, are to settle questions of right between suitors, to enforce obedience to the laws, and to protect the citizens against the oppressive use of power in the executive offices. Not to protect them against the Legislature, for that, I think, I have shown to be impossible, with the powers that the Legislature may safely use and exercise, and because the people have retained in their own hands the power of controlling and directing the Legislature by their immediate and mediate elections of President, Senate and House of Representatives."

During this debate, Mr. Cocke of Tennessee declared: "We have been told that the nation is to look up to these immaculate judges to protect their liberties: to protect the people against themselves."

In the same debate, Mr. Williams, of North Carolina, declared: "If this doctrine is to extend to the length gentlemen contend, then is the sovereignty of the government to be swallowed up in the vortex of the Judiciary. Whatever the other departments of the government may do, they can undo. You may pass a law, but they can annul it. Will not the people be astonished to hear that their laws depend upon the will of the judges, who are themselves independent of all law?"

During the same debate, Nathaniel Mason, of North Carolina, said: "We have heard much about the judges and the necessity of their independence. I will state one fact to show that they have power as well

as independence. Soon after the establishment of the federal courts, they issued a writ to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, directing a case then pending in the state court to be brought into the federal court. The state judges refused to obey the summons, and laid the whole proceedings before the Legislature, who approved their conduct, and, as well as I remember, unanimously."

In the same debate, Mr. Bacon, of Massachusetts, declared: "The Judiciary have no more right to prescribe, direct and control the acts of the other departments of the government than the other departments of the government have to prescribe or direct those of the Judiciary."

In the famous case of Chisholm against the State of Georgia, the Supreme Court of the United States passed an order requiring the State of Georgia to appear and plead, in default of which, judgment by default would be entered against the State. The court reporter adds, in a note: "In February Term, 1794, judgment was rendered for the plaintiff, and a writ of inquiry awarded. The writ, however, was not sued out and executed, so that this cause and all of the other suits against states were swept out at once by the amendment to the Federal Constitution." The State of Georgia treated the Supreme Court with contempt in respect of this case, her position being that the Supreme Court of the United States had no jurisdiction of her as a party.

The position of the State of Georgia was recognized by the other states as being so clearly a necessary position for all the states, that the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution was at once passed, depriving the individual citizen of the right to sue the State. The federal judges, of recent years, have set at naught this amendment to the Constitution, and have been dragging states into the federal courts to answer suits brought agaist them by railroad and other corporations.

In the Tassells case, the legislature of Georgia passed these resolutions: "Resolved, That the State of Georgia will never so far compromit her sovereignty as an independent state as to become a party to the case sought to be made before the Supreme Court of the United States by the writ in question. Resolved, That His Excellency, the Governor, be, and he and every other officer of this state is hereby requested and enjoined to disregard any and every mandate and process that has been or shall be served on him, or them, purporting to proceed from the Chief Justice or any Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the purpose of arresting the execution of any of the criminal laws of this state."

How greatly have times and customs changed! One hundred years ago, every state in the Union was denying to the Supreme Court of the United States the right to take jurisdiction over the state at the instance of a private citizen or corporation. In our own day, not only do Governors and Attorneys General go meekly into the federal courts, when

summoned by railroad and other corporations, but they even go into the lower federal courts, and plead for the privilege of carrying on the state government!

The usurpation of the federal judiciary would be checked if the other branches of the government would assert their *co-ordinate power*. When the Judiciary encroaches, the Executive should refuse to recognize its decisions, or to enforce them. This was the method adopted by President Jackson when the Supreme Court of the United States undertook to coerce the State of Georgia in the matter of the Cherokee Indians. This was also the method adopted by President Lincoln during the Civil War, when, as he thought, the Supreme Court was encroaching upon the Executive.

General Jackson, in a message to Congress, vetoing the bill for the rechartering of the Bank of the United States, said: "It is as much the duty of the House of Representatives, of the Senate and of the President, to decide upon the constitutionality of any bill or resolution which may be presented to them for passage or approval, as it is of the Supreme Judges when it may be brought before them for judicial decision. The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress over the judges; and on that point the President is independent of both. The authority of the Supreme Court must not, therefore, be permitted to control the Congress or the Executive, when acting in their Legislative capacities, but have only such influence as the force of their reasoning may deserve."

It is extremely significant that in the quotations made from these ancient records there is no reference made to any court except the Supreme Court of the United States. Not until our own day, when corporations have filled the benches with judges who were once corporation lawyers, did the lower Federal Judiciary advance the monstrous proposition that in every lower court of the Union there resides the power to reduce a state to the position of a helpless suitor at the instance of any corporation, or any non-resident suitor, who wishes to combat the Legislative or Executive action of a sovereign state.

OUR CREED.

We Jeffersonians stand for the doctrine that the world's stock of wealth and of opportunity belongs to all mankind—to be won or lost on the basis of merit or demerit. We say that the avenues of advancement should not be closed up by class legislation. We say that accumulated wealth should not be allowed to surround itself with statutory intrenchments which keep off competition. The holder of wealth has no right to legislate his fortune out of the reach of the risks and changes of legitimate business. He has no right to legislate his wealth into a mortgage upon the revenue of the government and the annual produce of all labor. He has no right to legislate special favors to himself, whereby enormous accumulations are held together, not by force of energy, industry and superior ability, but by reason of the special privileges and exemptions created by law.

For instance we do not question the right of any man to own as much money as he can honestly get, but we declare it to be wrong to allow the holder of the money to pass laws in his own favor which exempt his money from taxation, give him a lien upon the property of every other citizen, and exact from other citizens a tax to pay the interest on the money of this specially favored citizen. In other words, we oppose national bonds just as Thomas Jefferson did, and in doing so we represent a principle which will struggle for recognition as long as the government lives.

We stand for the doctrine that the government should directly do whatever it is charged with the power and the duty of doing. We apply this principle particularly to the making and distributing of money.

The sovereign power in every state is clothed with two functions which give to the government terrific advantages over the governed. *The power to levy taxes, and the power to create money*, are the most tremendous concessions which the people can make to their rulers.

Both these concessions are necessary to good government, but an abuse of either ruins the people. *They can be taxed to death*, and their money system can be so manipulated that *a favored few of the capitalists reap all the fruits of the labor of the unfavored millions.*

We enter our protest against the grievous burden of taxation which has been laid upon the people by wickedly corrupt rulers; and we say that these taxes are unequally distributed, and prodigally spent.

We stand for the principle that the government should create the money and distribute it. We say that there is no more business necessity for delegating to the National Bankers the sovereign power to make and distribute the money, than there would be in delegating to them the power to levy, collect and disburse our taxes.

The right to create and destroy money, to regulate its value, its volume, and its circulation, is as much a function of government as the right to levy and collect taxes.

Yet here we see in the United States a hateful and oppressive system, by which the governmental power of bossing the money system is exercised by a handful of New York Millionaires, who thus become masters of the people, and masters of the government.

We enter our protest against this abominable system and will fight it to the death, just as Jefferson did in his day, and as Jackson did in his. If the Democratic party were not led by a lot of cowards, boodlers and demagogues, it would arouse the masses into a storm of enthusiasm by going back to the old-time Democratic doctrine of *"Down with the National Banks!"*

We stand for the doctrine that a party platform is a contract between the people and the representatives, and that the representative is bound in honor to stand by the platform, whether it suits his party to do so or not. In other words, we condemn and denounce the contemptible doctrine that any man is excusable for violating his pledges to the people upon the ground that a performance of the contract would "hurt the party."

We hold that a party which can only live by breaking its pledges deserves to be "hurt"—fatally hurt.

We demand that public franchises be taken away from private individuals—just compensation being paid—and that they be enjoyed by the public to whom they rightfully belong.

We say that any system which allows Corporation Highwaymen to stand in full control of all the public iron-highways of the country, and to demand tribute of every traveler who passes, is out of joint with the times, out of touch with true freedom of commerce, out of unison with justice and the doctrine of equal rights, out of touch with the doctrine that *within a state there should be no power greater than the state.*

We demand that the public roads be owned by the public, just as they are owned in all countries where legislation is not openly bought with the money of the Corporations, as is done with us.

We stand for the principle that our republic can not survive upon the foundation laid by The Fathers, unless we restore to the people the right to elect *all* their rulers. Self-government is no longer in existence when the people are deprived of the choice of the office-holders.

We demand that all wheels within wheels be abolished, and that President, Senators, Judges, Solicitors, and all the others, be elected by direct vote of the people.

We demand honest elections; a resort to the courts for the punishment of all crimes; the abolition of the terrible convict lease system by which human beings are being sold into revolting slavery; the furnishing of the school books as well as the school teacher; an income tax whereby great

fortunes may be effectively reached by a graduated scale which lays on the percentage of taxation more and more heavily, as the income grows bigger and bigger.

Nothing can kill these principles. No matter how many parties may be formed and dissolved, no matter how many times party names may change, these principles are immortal and must finally triumph, if our Republic is to escape the fate which, through special privilege, overtook all of its great predecessors.

Thus far, the JEFFERSONIAN speaks for the party which in 1896 was in a fair way to redeem the Republic from the desolating sway of Wall Street and the political corruptionist.

Speaking now for ourselves, we say without hesitation or reserve, that we oppose the Liquor Traffic and would, if we could, close every bar-room in America, make public drunkenness a misdemeanor, and make the sale of intoxicating beverage to a minor or a habitual drunkard *a felony*.

To our mind there is no blacker-hearted criminal than the man who furnishes whiskey to a boy or to an inebriate; knowing that he is coining into dollars the agony of some helpless mother, the tears of some wretched wife.

On the question of Woman's Suffrage, our convictions are equally clear.

If nature and nature's God had not meant that there were different spheres for men and women, they would not have been created so different—different physically, mentally, spiritually.

There are some women who in masculinity of ambition and intellect almost take the place of men. On the other hand, there are some men so effeminate or delicate that they are almost women. But the great general rule is that *a man* is altogether different in composition from *a woman*, and it takes *the union of the two* to carry on and carry out nature's plan and purpose.

To the man belongs the life of the soldier, the sailor, the law-maker, the judge. Women are out of place in the army, in the navy, in the performance of road-duty, in the Legislature, in the jury-box, and at the polls.

Think of the hag of the brothel serving on the jury!

Think of such abandoned harridans marching up to the polls to choose rulers and to dictate laws!

Think of what it means to put the ballot into the hands of two million negro women!

Turn away from abstract theories and *face the facts*. Don't you *know* that the immediate practical effect of women's suffrage *would be to turn over every considerable city in this Union to the control of the nigger preacher and the Catholic priest?*

After all the glory of womanhood is seen at its best *in the making of*

the home. To be a good wife, to be a good mother, to be the inspiration of a husband's efforts and the guide to children's little feet—what nobler work has womanhood ever achieved? To have been the mother of Erasmus was a greater glory than to have been an Empress like Catherine; and to have trained a perfect hero, like Sir Philip Sydney, was a loftier success than to have been a sexless, shrewish queen—ruled by men behind the throne—like Elizabeth.

The very jewel of our civilization is *the home*. Strengthen it and you strengthen all. Weaken it, and you weaken all. Purify every home, and your entire Republic will be pure. Defile them, and your entire Republic is defiled!

We combat Socialism with all the strength that we possess, because *we know* that Socialism would destroy *the home*.

And one of the most powerful arguments against Woman's Suffrage is that its logical, inevitable tendency is to disintegrate and *revolutionize the home*.

Let the men work the roads, do soldier duty, go down to the sea in ships, make laws, serve on the jury, and vote. Let the women continue to reign over us in the blessed realm of domestic life, where the manliest man is ever the most ready to bow to her sceptre and honor her as Queen.

Again speaking for the JEFFERSONIAN, only, we would make this in fact, as in theory, a white man's government. We would grant to all men the fullest legal rights, but we would deny political privileges to the yellow man, the red man, the brown man, and the black man. We do not need these people in our civil or military service. Their presence there is a source of constant friction, trouble and danger. It is better for the negro himself to be deprived of privileges which cause him to be antagonized, and which he is unfitted by nature to exercise. If the blacks do not wish to live here under the rule of whites, let them return to their native land where they can revel in the delights of voting and office-holding.

Furthermore, we would, if we could, restrict the schooling of the negroes to reading, writing, and arithmetic. As a rule, that is as much as they can absorb to advantage. A negro crammed on Latin and Greek, or on physiology and geometry, is a ruined nigger. After *that*, he is too proud to work and has to live off the wages of some hired girl or industrious wife.

This taxing of poor white people to furnish "higher education" for negro wenches and sassy bucks, is an outrage upon the white and an injury to the negroes.

The schools and colleges are turning loose on the country thousands of negro men and women who have been taught a smattering of the higher branches and who, in consequence, consider it beneath their dignity to work with their hands.

There is absolutely no place in this land for the arrogant, aggressive, school-spoilt Afro-American who wants to live without manual labor. Therefore, it is a cruelty to the negro, as well as an injustice to the whites, to tax the latter to give "higher education" to the former.

We have studied this problem from all points of view, and our matured conviction is that the only salvation for the negro in America is the acceptance, in good faith, of his legal rights *as the full measure of what is due him.* The sooner he abandons his attempt to share political power and privileges with the whites, the better for him. The whites are not going to allow the blacks to have any real influence in legislation and government, for the simple reason that *self-preservation is the first law of nature.*

We made this civilization; the negro never made this, or any other. He has degraded every governmental system that he has been allowed to influence. As a duty to our forefathers, to ourselves, and our posterity, we must see to it that the negro makes no Haitian hell of the United States.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

Baffled, I stay, with words all weak and helpless,
Feelings and thoughts are spent in seeming waste,
Meanings too deep for language or expression,
Each after each are through my bosom chased.

But as I yearn, in depths beyond all fathom,
Tempted, sometimes, to give up with a sob,
Strange spirit-words, from heart to heart transported,
Translate the truth of each love-laden throb.

Thomas Harrison Daniel.

THE NATIONAL POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

As the weeks roll by public interest concentrates itself upon the Presidential election.

One of the most remarkable features of the national situation is the steady growth of the Roosevelt-Taft power, and the no less steady decline of Bryan. Gathering into his own following nine-tenths of the millions of voters who believe in the absolute and urgent necessity for radical reforms—but who are opposed to Socialism and Anarchy—Mr. Roosevelt is today the unquestioned chief of the Jeffersonian Democrats and Lincolnian Republicans. In all parties he is recognized as a statesman who is better than his party-machine, and better than his platform. Throughout the Union he is recognized as a practical administrator of tireless energy, determined purpose and honest intentions.

And next to Roosevelt comes Taft. Nobody questions his ability, his courage, his integrity, or his patriotism. Wherever he has been tried—which is everywhere,—Mr. Taft has proven himself a successful practical administrator. As fully identified with his chief as a lieutenant could possibly be, Mr. Taft would be accepted by the country as the true and lineal heir of the Roosevelt prestige and policies.

But will the American people be content with a Roosevelt candidate upon the idea that he is "just as good" as Roosevelt?

We do not believe it. For two years we have felt certain that Mr. Roosevelt would be his own successor, and we see no reason now for changing that opinion.

* * * * * * * *

As to the Democrats, there is no cohesion, no general plan of action, no distinctive measures upon which they can unite, no constructive programme of reform with which they are identified, no leader to whom they are harmoniously loyal.

What does the National Democratic Party stand for?

Nobody knows.

And few, perhaps, care to know.

With a notorious gambling-hell keeper at the head of the machinery of the party, a man who holds his power in his own state by virtue of his corrupt control of the negro vote of Indianapolis,—how could any intelligent, self-respecting man have any confidence in the National Democratic Party?

Study the make-up of the National Democratic Executive Committee: see how it is controlled by August Belmont, the Rothschild agent and National banker; by Cord Meyer, of the Sugar Trust; by William Shee-

han, the notorious corporation boodler. With such Wall Street magnates in power in the Democratic Party, what hope is there for the masses of the plain common people? None whatever. Democratic success in 1908 would mean just what it did in 1892—a grand surrender to the Democratic Trusts and Corporations.

Who can forget how the Sugar Trust gave Cleveland's campaign managers $500,000? Who can forget that Cleveland's second administration paid back the debt by giving the Sugar Trust a change in the Tariff rate which enabled the Havemeyer and Cord Meyer & Co., to plunder the American consumer to the extent of $45,000,000 per year?

Who can forget that Havemeyer himself went to Washington to enforce his claims, and that Senator Gorman took personal charge of the matter for the Sugar Trust? Who will ever forget that Cleveland's Cabinet-officer, John G. Carlisle, wrote, with his own hand, the sugar schedule of the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Bill, just as Havemeyer had said he must have it?

And the Sugar Trust, represented by Cord Meyer, is still in possession of the machinery of the National Democratic Party!

As to Bill Sheehan, who is also on the National Committee, his career as a tool of marauding corporations and Wall Street thieves is too well known to require specifications. On the Committee he represents Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall represents such stock gamblers and jugglers as Thos. F. Ryan, J. P. Morgan, August Belmont and the Standard Oil group.

Again we ask, what have the plain, common people to hope from the National Democratic Committee? Nothing—*and Mr. Bryan knows it.*

* * * * * * * *

If the various Democratic states were concentrating upon some independent fearless leader—like Tom Johnson (Democratic) of Ohio, or La Follette (Republican) of Wisconsin—there would be some evidence of sincerity of purpose. But Mr. Bryan has again horned off the track everybody but himself, and has again made inevitable a disastrous defeat.

In 1896, he might have been elected had he lived up to the contract which his Chairman, Jones, made with the populists at St. Louis. But he was infatuated by the idea of capturing the East, and therefore did not disclaim the brutal blunder of Chairman Jones when he publicly insulted the Populists; nor would he so much as condescend to remain in Nebraska at the time when Mr. Watson was stumping it for him, and pleading with the Populists to vote for him.

In 1900, he merely reaped the logical results of his error in the preceding campaign.

In 1904 he made a magnificent start, fighting Wall Street, its policy and its candidate—only to surrender, ingloriously, at St. Louis.

For twenty years Mr. Bryan has been a talker. His entire career is composed of oratory. The Alpha and Omega of Bryanism is talk, *talk*, TALK.

There is not a line on the National statute-book which owes its origin to Mr. Bryan. There is not a state law in Nebraska that owes its paternity to Bryan; not a single measure of practical statesmanship has he ever inaugurated anywhere. This is the literal fact.

The famous "crown of thorns, cross of gold" sentence was a quotation. The political principles which he accuses Roosevelt of having stolen *from* him, were stolen *by* him, from the Populists and Greenbackers and Labor-Unionists. Mr. Bryan has not only never originated a political idea, but he has never even been the original importer of foreign goods. To the last shred of his political wardrobe, he has appropriated the garments of pioneers who blazed the trails along which the brilliant Nebraskan has marched to riches and influence. Where the pioneer reformers met persecution and died in oblivion, Mr. Bryan has found honor and wealth. Where the old Greenbackers, Labor-Unionists, and Populists were crucified, as martyrs, Mr. Bryan has been crowned as a hero. Where they struggled and endured cruel poverty he has bounded into fame and become a millionaire.

So goes the world,—but the decree which so rules matters is hard.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Bryan will again be nominated and will again be beaten. He has lost the radicals, partly because of his un-heroic surrender to Wall Street in 1904, partly because of his retreat on the railroad question, partly because of his proposition to have the Government become guarantor for National bank deposits, and partly because of his butting into State politics, *always on the side of the corrupt Democratic machine*.

Twice has he thrust himself into Kentucky state-politics, and on each occasion he threw his influence to the machine.

* * * * * * * *

Another factor is "The Independence League," of William R. Hearst.

Of course, this alleged league is the personal property of Mr. Hearst. He has copy-righted the name and he controls the organization just as he controls his newspapers. When the Independence League holds a "convention," somebody reads the platform, which Mr. Hearst has written beforehand, and this platform "goes."

There is no discussion, no amendment, no abridgement.

If any gentleman has a ready-made eulogy to pronounce on Hearst or his platforms, he is free to speak.

In that manner his name will find its way into the Hearst newspapers; but if he does not like the platform, he might as well withdraw.

The platform must stand, just as Mr. Hearst wrote it. The "convention" can debate, deliberate and decide—but the decision must coincide with that of the owner of the copyrighted name,—else why own the copyright?

* * * * * * * *

Can a one-man party of this character become a controlling factor in National politics? We do not think so. We do not believe that any considerable number of self-respecting men will join a party which is the personal property of any single individual, no matter who he is.

The thing is too foreign to American ideas of individuality and independence.

The great American public is not to be poured into the funnel of any single citizen—however rich and good and great.

Besides, Mr. Hearst has already demonstrated his willingness to throw the support of the Independence League first to one of the old parties and then to the other. We do not believe that unscrupulous management of that kind will commend itself to that better element of American manhood to which appeal must be successfully made, if the country is to be redeemed from political corruption and corporation greed.

* * * * * * * *

In the meantime, the Prohibitionists, the Socialists, and the Populists are preparing to put out straight tickets. So much the better. Anything is preferable to the detestable system of *only two* big political parties. Whenever politics get down to that, the logical and unavoidable consequence is that the privileged Few will divide themselves in such a manner that *they*, the exploiters of Special Privilege, will control the machinery of both the big parties.

Ah, what a fat time the Few have had manipulating both the Democratic and Republican parties since the Civil War!

And the victims, the plundered millions of toilers, have been *so* blind!

But the end of *that* era is at hand.

ANARCHISTS.

Bolder and bolder, become the aggressions of the anarchists, and more urgent every day becomes the question, *what are we going to do with them?*

How are we to deal with such enemies to law and order as Emma Goldman and Edward F. Harriman?

How is society to rid itself of such dangerous characters as William Haywood and Thomas Ryan?

By what method shall we crush the bomb-throwers of the slums, and the panic-breeders of High Finance?

That's the riddle. *We must find the answer*, OR PERISH.

Not more antagonistic to law and order are the lurid doctrines of Emma Goldman than are the criminal methods of such men as Harriman.

Not more of a menace to society are the seditious speeches of Haywood than are the insolent rapacities of such thieves-on-a-big-scale as Ryan, Morgan, Rockefeller, Rogers, Belmont and Gould.

Haywood, talking in Philadelphia to unemployed laboring men, tells them to steal rather than starve. Why not? Haywood has seen the Wall Street rascals steal hundreds of millions of dollars *while the whole country was looking on*, and he saw the Secretary of the Treasury *colluding openly with the thieves!*

The criminals of Wall Street did not steal to keep from starving.

Those gilded rascals did not rob a bakery to feed a crying child or a hungry wife. *Those* rascals—led on by J. P. Morgan—stole because it is in their line of business. It is a habit of theirs to steal. Under forms of law, they constantly steal. *They've never done anything else.*

Such scoundrels as Harriman, Rogers, Belmont, Ryan, Morgan, Rockefeller & Co., have reduced to a fine art the practice of taking for their own use the products of the toil of others; and the methods by which they, the non-producers, rob the producers are everywhere recognized as "legitimate."

Tolerated by the law, upheld by the courts, meekly endured by a cowardly public, these banded criminals of High Finance bow to no law, human or divine. Steal? *What else do they do but steal?* Their swollen fortunes are not the rewards of their honest toil in any field of wealth-producing industry.

These Wall Street rascals never added one dollar to the wealth of the world. They wait until the wealth has been produced by others—produced in mine and field and forest—and then they take it away from the toilers who produced it.

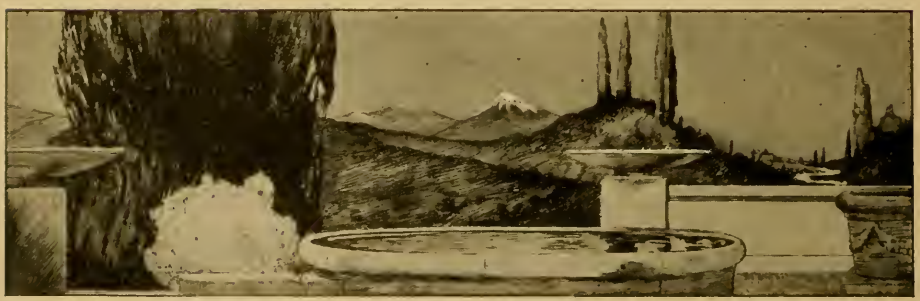
How? By the most infamous system of class-legislation and Special

Privilege that was ever submitted to by any other nation in the history of mankind.

Let us put down the anarchist. Yes, by all means,—but *where shall we begin?*

Shall it be with Haywood, or with Harriman?

Shall it be with Emma Goldman, or with those infinitely greater enemies to the Republic, J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller?



SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

We regret to see that the mal-odorous Asphalt Trust is again intriguing to bring about trouble between the United States and Venezuela. It will be remembered that the funds of this American corporation were used to finance an insurrection against President Castro's government, and that after the rebellion was put down the Asphalt trust was penalized? Was that unjust?

Would not the government of the United States feel like punishing a foreign corporation which came over here to give and comfort the revolutionists?

Two years ago there was a scandal in the State Department, growing out of the fact that one Loomis, Acting Secretary, became the partisan of the Asphalt Trust, and did his utmost to embroil the United States and Venezuela. It transpired later that Loomis was intimately connected with the Trust. Who it is that has again put life into this shameful intrigue we do not know, but we do know that it will be a disgraceful thing if our government makes the quarrel of the Asphalt Trust its own, and endeavors to coerce Venezuela by brute force.

* * * *

When the Asphalt Trust went into Venezuela, it did so with its eyes open. It did not go there for its health, but went upon a speculative venture in which it assumed the attendant risks.

It went there with full knowledge of the fact that it would be required to obey the laws of the country and abide the decision of the courts.

Yet once in Venezuela, the marauding Trust attempted to overthrow the government and subvert the laws. Had the millionaire speculators who are at the head of the Trust, been taken, court-martialed and shot, all sane men would have said that they got no more than they deserved. But the conspirators took good care to remain in this country, and therefore Venezuela could only proceed against the property of the Trust situated within her own borders. This she has done, by due process of law. Concessions that had been granted to the Trust were revoked for non-performance of conditions, and the Trust has been legally deprived of property worth millions of dollars. But the proceedings have been regular, and Venezuela has on her side the decision of her courts.

Now why should this country intermeddle? Suppose that our own government had prosecuted legal proceedings against a foreign corporation, which had come into this country, and had attempted to overthrow the government, and suppose that our courts, from the lowest to the highest, had condemned the foreign corporation—would we tolerate the interference of a foreign power in behalf of the foreign corporation?

* * * *

The Standard Oil Company did not finance a revolution, or seek to overthrow President Roosevelt by force of arms, yet that corporation, for wrongdoing, was fined $29,000,000. This is a heavier penalty than President Castro imposed upon the Asphalt Trust for its treasonable aid to domestic insurrection.

Now, suppose that some of the German stockholders of the Oil Trust, should seek to have the Emperor William interfere with the collection of that $29,000,000 fine, and suppose that the Kaiser were crazy enough to propose an arbitration!—Would not Pres-

ident Roosevelt's snort of wrath be echoed from the Lakes to the Gulf?

The supposed case is not precisely analogous, but is sufficiently so to convey the idea.

* * * *

We had hoped that the exposure of the true motive of "Loomis, Acting," would have put a quietus upon the efforts to make the United States the cat's-paw of the criminal Asphalt Trust. But as corporations rarely die, so do their knavish plots rarely suspend, indefinitely. Like the ship-subsidy thieves, the Asphalt band have come again. It will be a thousand pities if Mr. Roosevelt allows *both* gangs to deceive him.

* * * *

Mr. Bryan has had his perennial two-horse team nomination in Nebraska, as usual, and has put forth his platform.

The Democratic Party amounts to nothing much in Nebraska, and is never able to make a respectable showing until it has made the biennial fusion arrangement with the Populists. Even then, Mr. Bryan is not able to carry his State, his home city, or his home precinct.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Fusion has taken the life out of the Populist movement in Nebraska, and has delivered the State to the Republicans.

Therefore, what Mr. Bryan has done, this year, in Nebraska, is of no practical importance. True the convention put forth a platform written by him, but a published statement, without the perfunctory holding of a State convention, would have answered quite as well.

Like the Hearst Platform, the Bryan Platform is a ram-shackly jumble, and is disappointing.

Apparently, both Hearst and Bryan have forgotten that there is any such problem as the Money Question. Apparently, both of these leaders have "lain down" to Wall Street in the matter of a bond-secured paper currency and a Gold Standard. Yet both of these leaders are bound to know that the Money Power has been allowed to change the Constitution of the United States and to impose upon us a ruinous system of finance that is absolutely illegal and revolutionary, —but neither Hearst nor Bryan dares to utter a word of protest.

* * * *

Another singular omission from the platforms of Messrs. Hearst and Bryan is the question of the usurpation of power by the lower federal courts.

Surely that is a matter of national scope and of grave import. Are the States to be kept in tutelage by the district judges? Can any little one-horse federal judge paralyze State action whenever he sees fit? Can railroad corporations and telegraph companies, and whiskey associations annul State laws, halt State officers, and

WILLIAM R. HEARST.

reduce to impotence the governors of States whenever they can persuade a federal judge that they have a case?

Do not Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst realize the supreme necessity of putting an end to the chaotic conditions which the usurpations of the lower federal courts are precipitating?

* * * *

One most dangerous and undemocratic feature of Mr. Bryan's platform is that wherein he proposes a governmental guaranty for deposits in National banks. In principle, this is wrong. In practice, it would be unjust. The government has no more business giving its endorsement or guaranty to a bank than to an insurance company. Governments are not established for the purpose of endorsing the notes or guaranteeing the financial soundness of individuals or corporations. Again, when the government lays a tax upon the honest, prudent, capable banker, to make good the losses of the dishonest, or imprudent, or incapable banker, it puts a premium upon bad business and a discount upon the good. It is unjust.

* * * *

But a more serious objection to Mr. Bryan's suggestion is that when the government becomes the guarantor of the National banking system it immensely strengthens that system and practically insures its permanent existence.

If Mr. Bryan is not opposed to the National banking system he has no right to class himself as a Jeffersonian Democrat. Indeed, Mr. Bryan's change of front, as shown by a comparison between his platform of 1908 and his platform and speeches in 1896, indicate that he is now, in many respects, a Hamiltonian.

* * * *

When Mr. Bryan opened his presidential campaign with his Madison Square Garden speech, he declared boldly for the government ownership of railroads. A clamor of protest broke out from such Democratic leaders as Daniel, of Virginia, and John

BRYAN, THEN AND NOW.
From the *Public Ledger* (Philadelphia).

Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. Soon, Mr. Bryan modified his position. He declared that while he individually, favored the government ownership of railroads, he had no right to force his views upon the National Democratic Convention, and that if the convention saw fit, etc., etc.

But in the Nebraska Convention Mr. Bryan was supreme, and could have secured the adoption of the government ownership principle had he so desired. But his platform makes no mention of the subject and therefore, the Madison Square Garden speech may now be considered entombed, along with those fiery speeches against the Gold Standard which are buried in Mr. Bryan's book, "*The First Battle*."

* * * *

Another queer omission from Mr. Bryan's platform of 1908, is the *Initiative and Referendum*.

Only a short time ago, Mr. Bryan was eloquently vociferous upon the merits of this great legislative principle. Now he is silent. What, oh, *what* is the matter with our Democratic Statesmen that none of them seem to have a creed which will wear for one whole season? Compare Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech and his "First Battle" book with this latest platform of his, and you will then be prepared to take the measure of his vast decline as a leader of the radicals.

* * * *

Coincident with the platform of Mr. Bryan is that of Mr. Taft. As Nebraskan Democrats ratified the proposals of Mr. Bryan, so Ohio echoes the voice of Mr. Taft.

The first advantage in favor of Mr. Taft that occurs to us is that he is certain to carry Nebraska as well as Ohio. Then, studying his platform in the light of preceding Republican platforms, one is curiously impressed by the fact that Mr. Taft has put forth a relatively bolder declaration than that of Mr. Bryan. This is the more re-assuring because *the Roosevelt administration and policies* give to the Taft platform a significance immensely more convincing than the purely academic utterances of an untried man like Mr. Bryan.

* * * *

In the circles of hopeless hide-bound Bourbonism, there is a feeble attempt to make a bug-a-boo out of the threadbare "negro plank" in the Taft platform. Why should any one suppose that this shelf-worn negro plank means any more in Taft's platform than it did in that of Roosevelt?

This mare's nest "negro plank" slipped into the Roosevelt national platform, somehow or other—but what harm did it ever do to the South? Who heard of it after its adoption? It was a tub to the black whale, *then*, and it is nothing else *now*. Nevertheless, we should have admired Mr. Taft the more had he put his foot down on that silly twaddle about "the marvelous progress of the negro," and had staked his chances on a confident appeal to the whites. Our opinion is that the bulk of the voters of the country are sick and tired of the negro in politics, and that the leader who plants himself squarely upon the doctrine that this is a white man's country—to be governed exclusively by the whites—will be amazed at the enthusiastic strength of the response.

* * * *

Unless Mr. Bryan puts some repairs on his immigration plank it will give him trouble. "Asiatic immigration" is not the only sort that the industrial classes dread. Southern Europe has hordes of "undesirable citizens" that have been coming into this country by the million until our big cities are hot-beds of anarchy and class-hatred.

Ten thousand Asiatics—quiet, industrious, frugal Japs and Chinamen, are not more dangerous to our institutions than one hundred bomb-throwing Italians, black-hand kidnappers and murderers, Russian nihilists, and Sicilian assassins. The anarchists who rioted in Philadelphia were not Asiatics, but Europeans. The dynamiters of the West were not Asiatics—they were Europeans. The Asiastic does not come to stay; the European does. The Asiatic makes a little money, and goes home. The European remains here, too often a pauper, a criminal, a fire-brand, an element which cannot be assimilated.

* * * *

Sooner or later China and Japan will have another tug of war, but it is not probable that either is ready for it now. A Japanese vessel, the Tatsu Maru, carrying a cargo of rifles and ammunition to China, was seized at Macao. It is probable that these munitions of war were intended for the use of the Chinese revolutionists, although they were consigned to a Portuguese firm. Believing this to be the case, a Chinese viceroy caused the vessel and cargo to be seized and the Japanese flag hauled down.

Japan demands restitution of ship and cargo, indemnity to the owners, the hoisting of the Japanese flag, and an apology.

This bitter pill, China hesitated to swallow, but finally gulped it down.

* * * *

In Germany, the court sentenced the editor, Max Harden, to three months' imprisonment for slandering certain high personages in the army and court service. One of the dignitaries assailed by Harden was Von Hohenhau, a favorite of the Kaiser.

Since Harden has been in prison the Emperor has pushed an investigation on his own account, and the result is that Von Hohenhau has been found guilty of nameless vices, and has been dismissed in disgrace from the army. All of his decorations have been stripped from him, and his plight is one of utter and hopeless degradation.

The Emperor should perfect the record by pardoning Harden and bestowing upon him the ribbon, or star, or cross, or whatever symbol it is which in Germany is the highest reward of civic merit.

What Harden did required as lofty a courage as that which animates the soldier on the field of battle.

* * * *

The Emperor of Germany has caused something of a sensation by writing a personal letter to Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the admiralty of Great Britain. Naval affairs is supposed to have been the subject matter of the letter.

J. C. PRITCHARD, FEDERAL JUDGE.

While a correspondence between a crowned head and a subordinate official of another government is against all rules and precedent, it is not to be supposed that the German Emperor could have been actuated by any design of an unfriendly character.

* * * *

Judge Pritchard, of North Carolina, who has become so notorious as an usurping federal judge ready at all times to stretch his authority far beyond constitutional limits in behalf of railroad corporations, has broken into new fields of conquest. He has now taken jurisdiction in the South Carolina Dispensary case and is seeking to cancel State laws, State authorities and State rights. It is high time that Congress were taking some action to curb these inferior-court federal judges. The act of 1789 and the eleventh amendment to the Constitution are utterly ignored by such usurpers as Jones of Alabama and Pritchard of North Carolina.

Unless Congress *does* take action, these ignorant and arrogant judges will precipitate a conflict which may prove a national calamity.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM—*Chicago Tribune*.

INVENTOR ALDRICH EXHIBITS A WORKING MODEL.
—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*

THE ARMY OFFICERS NOT THE ONLY ONES.
The fat political colonels are having their troubles too. Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal*.

The publication in full of the amazing platform which Mr. Bryan prepared for the Nebraska State Convention, and which the Convention adopted, reaches us too late for full discussion in this number. In the May issue we will comment upon it at some length. We regard it as an ignominious surrender to Wall Street and the National bankers, and while it may win for Mr. Bryan the support of such men as Ryan and Belmont, it will lose him tens of thousands who have heretofore regarded him as the tribune of the people.

* * * *

The Senate has sustained the President in the matter of the dismissal from the army of the negro troops who shot up the town of Brownsville. The Senate could not have done anything else—unless, indeed, it were prepared to believe, with Senator Foraker, that the Brownsville people stole the guns of the negro troops and shot up their own town.

* * * *

The Catholic Church comes in for another appropriation from the public treasury at this session of Congress. The sum exceeds $400,000.

It is an off session that does not vote something out of the public revenues for the busy, resourceful, tireless, Catholic clergy. The present appropriation is to compensate the church for alleged damages inflicted on church property during the war in the Philippines.

We paid Spain $20,000,000 for this white elephant, which was supposed to be ours by conquest. We then paid the Catholic Church $7,000,000 for its claims to certain lands in the Islands. Now we are paying them nearly half a million dollars more.

We should really love to see one Congress come and go without being teased and triggered into voting some portion of the public property or public funds to the Catholic clergy.

* * * *

So great an outcry arose over the atrocities committed in the Congo Free State, that King Leopold of Belgium is now offering to relinquish his personal rights in the Colony to the Belgian people, reserving to himself practically all of the revenues from the Colony during his own life.

In a short while the Congo Free State will be a dependency of the Belgian crown and government, instead of the quasi-private domains of a profligate, heartless King.

SHADOWS

The spirit of her lost birch-bark,
  That vanished long ago,
Above the S'wanee's waters dark,
  A sickle moon swings low.

A golden shallop ghostly still
  And shining like a soul,
That waits the Halloo from the hill
  Of her brown Seminole.

Twixt shore and shore, upon the tide
  Gleams soft the ghost-canoe;
The tribal stars watch, eager-eyed,
  The forest passes thro'.

Moon-mottled moccasins of pale
  Leaf-filtered silver light,
Along the drifted, dappled trail,
  How soft they fall tonight!

As thistle down upon a breath
  Are twinkling to and fro
The feet that danced their dance of death
  So many moons ago!

Down passes, lost by day, they stole:
  Past centried gnome on gnome,
The Cherokee and Seminole,
  Shadows, thro' shadows, home.

Gently his hand one lays upon
  A dark old chieftain-pine;
"Dost know me, comrade of the sun?
  Thy sires played with mine!"

"My papoose from thy carpet straw,
  First crowed the moon: and, cold,
The brown face of my little squaw
  Still sweetens the brown mould."

Shadows, upon a shadow-trail,
  From shadow-tree to tree:
Watching, the while, for Morning's sail
  Upon the upper sea.

The signal of an elfin horn!—
  And flying crest on crest!—
The Red Man, by the Pale-Face, Morn,
  Again is dispossessed!

—Ada A. Mosher, White Springs, Fla.

TREASURE TROVE.

NUMBER TWO.

Mollie E. Moore is the daughter of Doctor Moore, who emigrated from the banks of the Coosa, in the State of Alabama, when the poetess was a mere child, and took up his residence in Western Texas.

In her fifteenth year, Mollie E. Moore began to publish verses in the local newspapers. In 1866 the family moved to Galveston. From time to time she published fugitive pieces, and in 1867 a volume of her poems was brought out by Cushing & Cave. The two selections which we make from her work will indicate the superb quality of her genius. We regret that we have not the space to present many others.

Living obscurely in a Southern State, unappreciated, chilled by want of recognition, it is no great marvel that her creative period seems to have come early, lingered briefly, and passed away to come no more.

Great Britain did honor to Felicia Hemans, yet nowhere in the large volume which circulates under the name of "Mrs. Hemans' Poems" will you find anything that equals "Reaping the Whirlwind."

Frances Sargent Osgood passed current as a poetess in the North, and was honored by a very charitable review by so severe a critic as Edgar Poe; but in the bulky volume of Mrs. Osgood's poems there is not a single grain of gold that will compare either with "Stealing Roses Through the Gate," or with "Minding the Gap."

The cruel neglect with which the South treats literary genius is indicated mournfully in the case of Jas. R. Randall, who has recently died in the city of Augusta, Ga. Every newspaper in the land is bringing flowers to his grave. I shouldn't wonder if we should soon raise a monument to his memory. The monument, of course, will be of marble, and will, therefore, be quite as cold as the neglect with which he was treated while in life.

It is an infinite satisfaction to the JEFFERSONIAN to be able to say that to the utmost of his power, both in his book "Bethany" and in his various fugitive writings, he has done his level best to bring about a more generous treatment of Southern genius. In the case of Colonel Randall we are glad to be able to say that the effort did produce some slight results, which cheered him to some extent in his old age.

In 1874 Miss Moore was married to Major Thomas E. Davis. She now lives in New Orleans, La. Besides several volumes of poems, she has published several books of prose stories. She is considered by competent literary judges as one of the best short story writers of the day.

STEALING ROSES THROUGH THE GATE.

Long ago, do you remember,
When we sauntered home from school,
As the silent gloaming settled,
With its breezes light and cool?
When we passed a stately mansion,
And we stopped, remember, Kate,
How we spent a trembling moment
Stealing roses through the gate?

But they hung so very tempting,
And our eager hands were small,
And the bars were wide—oh! Kate,
We trembled; but we took them all!
And we turned with fearful footsteps,
For you know 'twas growing late;
But the flowers, we hugged them closely,
Roses stolen through the gate!

Well, the years have hasted onward,
And those happy days are flown;
Golden prime of early childhood,
Laughing moments spent and gone!
But yester e'en I passed your cottage,
And I saw, oh! careless Kate,
Handsome Percy bending downward—
Stealing roses through the gate!

Stealing roses where the willow
O'er the street its long bough dips!
Stealing roses—yes, I'd swear it—
Stealing roses from your lips!
And I heard a dainty murmur,
Cooing round some blessed fate:
Don't deny it! wasn't Percy
Stealing roses through the gate?

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

My friends and I went forth to reap
  Our fields at full of day;
We laughed and sang along the paths
  As birds in early May.

Peace sat with hands upon her lap,
  (Lilies were in her hair);
I said, "My harvest-time has come;"
  I said, "Come, help me bear

"My sheaves—come help me reap my fields."
  But Peace said sadly, "No,
I cannot help you reap your fields;
  I did not help you sow!"

I called to Faith along the ways:
  "My harvest-time has come;
Come, help me reap my golden fields,
  And bear my harvest home."

But Faith kept firmly up his way,
  And answered from the steep,
"Where was I when your fields were sowed
  That I should help you reap?"

I looked in Love's supernal eyes:
  "Ah! come," I said; "today,
My grain is ripe for gathering; come,
  And bear my sheaves away."

Love wept alas! and from her eyes
  Most tender tears did flow;
"I may not help to reap those fields
  I did not help to sow!"

All on a sudden fell the storm,
  And winds were rudely blown;
I wist not why the sun kept hid,
  But reaped my fields alone.

I brought no sheaves unto my Lord
  Within my aching arm;
My friends they brought home Peace and Love,
  But I brought home the storm!

THE PANIC AND THE MONEY QUESTION.

BY W. S. MORGAN.

THE money question is with us again.

In fact it has been with us all the time.

It has never left us.

Saying a thing is settled does not settle it.

The truth of two great Populist propositions has been demonstrated within the past two years.

First, that an increase in the volume of currency is followed by better prices for the products of labor, and an increase of wages.

Second, that the present banking system is inadequate, unreliable and dangerous.

In the midst of plenty, and with more money in circulation than at any time since just after the close of the war, we are precipitated into a panic, a tenacious, property destroying panic.

Every time we borrow a national bank note we are borrowing our own money.

And we pay the bank interest on what it owes.

It can be truthfully said that the national banker lives on what he owes.

Do I blame the banker?

Not a bit of it.

If he wouldn't accept a "cinch" like that from the dear people he would be a bigger fool than they are.

But why don't the people extend this privilege further? Why can't I borrow money on my land at one-fourth of one per cent, loan it to my neighbors at 8 and 10 per cent, and at the same time collect rent on my land?

That kind of farming would pay.

That would be the best farming system in the world.

That is exactly what we are doing for the banker.

Why not do it for the farmer?

Then if the farmers would conspire and go into speculation; buy up all the wheat there was in sight and hold it, thus creating a wheat panic, they would be doing just what the bankers do when they precipitate a money panic.

The farmers know all about the farming business.

Then they might unite and limit the products of the soil just as the national bankers limit the circulation of money. There would be money in a proposition of that kind—for the farmer.

Then again they might have their farms made exempt from taxation just as the banker has his bonds made exempt from taxation.

I tell you, Jimmy, there is big money in farming if it can be done on the same principles as national banking.

And the security which the government would have is much better than bonds. The land can't get away, and it is security in its last analysis, for, after all is said, the land is security for the bonds.

But where is the government going

to get the money to loan to the farmers?

Print it, Jimmy, my son, print it, like it does for the national bankers.

And here is another proposition out of which the bankers make a great scare-crow.

Ever since Paul preached the Unknown God at Athens men have warped the truth in order to save their own bacon.

The true God must be set aside in order that the silversmiths might pursue their calling of making idols.

I think it was Macaulay who said that "if large pecuniary interests were concerned in denying the truth of the attraction of gravitation, that most obvious of physical facts, would be strongly and ably disputed."

For years the public has been face to face with the facts:

1. That money is a creation of law.

2. That its function is to pay debts and facilitate the exchange of property.

3. That it is simply an order for goods issued *to* all the people *by* all the people, with a mutual agreement to receive it for all the purposes for which money is intended.

Yet I have marshalled authorities both ancient and modern to their support.

I have quoted the best economic writers of all ages from Aristotle to John Sherman.

The people have lost confidence in the present banking system. They may have ever so much confidence in the honesty and integrity of the officers and stockholders of their local banks, but they know that that bank is only a part of the system, and that their deposits are not properly secured.

More than 95 per cent of the business of the country is done with checks. Thus one dollar is made to do many dollars' worth of business. This is all right so long as the people have confidence that that dollar will be forthcoming when needed. But as soon as confidence is gone the whole structure falls to pieces.

The cure for this evil is to amend the present banking system so as to afford greater protection to depositors, and to supplement that with the establishment of Government Savings Banks.

Government Savings Banks have been for years established, and in successful operation, in many countries, notably in England and her Provinces. No depositor has ever lost any money placed in a Government Bank. There is no loss of confidence, no "runs," and no panics connected with such a system.

The most serious trouble with the banking system in this country is that the banks want and have too much for themselves. I am speaking more particularly with regard to the national banks. And they are the key and the arch to the whole system, the other banks being only subsidiary. Let us examine for a moment some of the privileges of national banks.

1. They have the power to issue currency.

2. They draw interest on bonds deposited with the Government to secure their circulation.

3. They pay but one-fourth of one per cent for the use of the currency which the Government furnishes them, and guarantees its redemption.

4. They loan this currency to the people for 5 to 10 per cent.

5. Their bonds, which is practically their capital, are exempt from taxation.

6. Many of them are made Government depositories, and have the use of Government funds free of charge.

What benefits have the people from national banks in consideration of the privileges above enumerated?

None that the banks furnish.

They have no security for their

deposits, other than a perfunctory supervision by Government officials.

They practically loan money to the banks, guaranteeing its stability for the small consideration of one-fourth of one per cent. and borrow it back at 8 per cent.

In other words, the people loan money to themselves, through the national banks, paying the banks a rich bonus to handle the details of the transaction.

Of course the whole transaction is unconstitutional. The national banks are exercising a power which the constitution plainly denies to the States, and which should be exercised by Congress only.

But it is not my purpose to discuss the legal or constitutional phase of this question in this paper. It is the idiocy of it as a business transaction to which I would call public attention.

We furnish the national banks with the money and the credit that makes it good. Instead of them paying us for this service, we actually pay them a bonus for the privilege granted them. That is, we give them a privilege and pay them something to take it.

I have formed into hollow squares such eminent authorities as Ricardo, Cernunchi, Price, Bonnet, Jevons, DelMar, Walker, Bastiat, McLeod, Locke, Franklin, Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun, and scores of others, and defied the assaults of the "Sound Money League."

I have massed the evidence and hurled it against the walls of party prejudice and the buttresses of "large pecuniary interests."

The paid emissaries of the "large pecuniary interests" call the Populist idea on the money question "a theory."

And the little squirrel-tailed politicians all down the line squawk the response: "A theory."

But it is not a theory.

It is a science.

It is as easily demonstrated as any simple mathematical problem.

When they tell us that a paper currency not redeemable in gold would be worthless, we answer that a perfect paper currency is redeemed every time it passes from the hands of one to another. That it is not only redeemable in gold, but in every other product of labor.

When they tell us it is not based upon anything, we answer that it has for its basis the pledge and guarantee of all the people in the Government that issues it, with all the property they own, including gold and silver.

When they say that such a currency is unconstitutional we answer that the Supreme Court of the United States, and of fifteen States, has held otherwise, and that for twenty years we used such a currency without a dollar in the Treasury to redeem it, and that even now, when the money is there to redeem it, no one wants it redeemed.

But this article has already grown to greater length than intended or I would explain how this money might be used so as to be of the greatest benefit to the people.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

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The British army, on January 8th, numbered about 10,000 fighting men. Excepting the two regiments of West Indian negroes (about 1,700,) they were the best soldiers, in the open, that could have been mustered anywhere. There were not only picked men from Ireland and Scotland, but several thousands of veterans, who had become hardened to warfare in the stern school of Wellington. They had won nearly every pitched battle which they had fought in Spain, and stormed such strongholds as Cindad Rodriga, Badajo's and San Sebastian,—taking them after desperate resistance and after surmounting obstacles which seemed invincible. They had so barbarously, inhumanly abused their triumphs that the atrocities of the Indians at Fort Mims and at Frenchtown appear as nothing,—for the cold-blooded murder of the helpless non-combatants of the Peninsula City was the milder form which English ferocity and lust took during those horrible days.

Such are the men who have come to take New Orleans; and they are arrogantly confident of their ability to do it,—and then the wealth of the city and beautiful girls and matrons, whose only wall of defence is the heroic band under Jackson, are to be at the mercy of their beastly appetites, as were the Spanish and Portuguese women at San Sebastian. Some of these British soldiers had taken part in the burning and looting of Washington; some in the burning and ravishing at Hampton. Once let these brutes break through the line that checks their advance, and New Orleans will be given to the torch, the robber and the rapist.

* * * * * * * *

Let us see how the army of General Jackson is made up.

Of "Regulars"—troops of the U. S. Army,—he has less than a thousand. He has about 800 Louisiana militia, of whom 180 are free negroes—mostly refugees from San Domingo. He has Captain Jugeat and his 62 Choctaws. He has 36 Baratarian pirates, turned patriots. But the most effective force,—the trained marksmen who shoot rifles that will kill at 400 yards,—are the backwoodsmen of Tennessee, Kentucky, men who had won the day for Harrison on the Thames and for Jackson at Horse Shoe Bend.

All told, there stood in the front line, 3,918 men; but near at hand,

in reserve were Hind's Mississippi Rifles, 150 strong, Harrison's Battalion of Kentucky Militia, 306 men, and Ogden's 50 U. S. Dragoons.

All through the night of Friday, January 6th, muffled sounds from the British camp reached the Americans. A vague bustle and rumble, as of preparation and preliminary movement for general attack or retreat. Some of Jackson's officers believed that the British were packing up to abandon the expedition. Jackson, however, had been closely watching them from the top of the Macartie house—his headquarters.—and came to the conclusion that the enemy was putting himself in marching order to storm the American line.

Throughout Saturday, the assault was expected. The riflemen of the South nursed their long, clumsy, but deadly rifles, their fierce, eager eyes sweeping the plain in front, their souls and bodies keyed up to the utmost tension, and their confidence unshaken. As General Coffee wrote his wife, "All we want is for the red-coats to come within fair buck range."

Saturday passed without event, and Jackson felt certain that with the dawn of Sunday morning the struggle would commence.

Doubling the sentinels, connecting lines were thrown out, so that the first movement of the enemy would be known in the American camp.

At midnight, Jackson rose and saying: "Gentlemen, we have slept long enough," made his way, with his staff to the front. His troops, tired of the long delay, and of the cramped, uncomfortable life on the muddy plain behind their breastwork, were in the highest spirit at the thought of putting an end to their suspense and sufferings. That they would be able to hold their position and to sweep off the face of the earth whatever attacking columns might be sent against them, they had not the slightest doubt. The feeling which animated the entire American army might have been summed up in the words, "Let them come on. We are ready, willing and waiting. We'll show these heroes of Bladensburg the difference between raw militia, commanded by imbeciles, and the hardened backwoodsmen who won at Talladega and the Thames. We'll show these heroes of Badajo's and Cindad Rodrigo and San Sebastian a thing or two that they did not learn in Spain. Let them come on—those town-burners, those brutes who raped screaming girls at Hampton, and who have brought the same negro troops here in the belief that there will be raping in New Orleans!—These devils incarnate who in the Spanish and Portguese cities—cities friendly to the British—practiced such enormities of atrocious cruelty and lust, as makes the blood run hot and cold with horror and indignation. Let them come on! We are ready."

At the hour of the clock which marked sunrise, there was so dense a mist hanging between swamp and river, enveloping the entire plain, that one could see but a few yards in front of him. Under this cover, the British might have made their attack to great advantage. They had only

to march straight ahead, there being no danger of columns going the wrong road. Between river and swamp was the open plain a mile wide, level as a floor, and free from obstructions. In the mist, they could have marched to the very brink of the ditch behind which the Americans were posted, without offering to the riflemen of Jackson any definite target.

But British rules did not favor such fighting, and therefore they waited until the fog began to lift.

Suddenly two smothered rifle shots were heard from the swamp.

"My Choctaws, I suppose," said Jackson. So it was. Two of the red men, crawling along toward the enemy, had seen, under the fog, the legs of British sentinels and had fired at them. The sentinels ran in.

The fog lifting, the Americans could at length see the British column of attack, some 600 yards away. Generals Jackson, Carroll and Adair, and Major Latour, mounted the breastworks to watch the advance. Two rockets were fired by the enemy.—the signal for the battle. Jackson ordered off the parapet the officers who were with him, but stood there himself, scanning the British line through his glasses.

"Pass the word down the line," he said to Carroll and Adair, "for the men to be ready; let them count the enemy's file down as closely as they can, and each look after his own file man in the enemy's ranks. The men are not to fire until told and then to aim above the cross-belt plates."

When the British had come within five hundred yards of the breastwork, the American cannon began to boom. They made a glorious noise, and inflicted a little damage upon the enemy.

As I shall show later by figures taken from official records, there has been much flamboyant nonsense written about the devastation wrought upon the British by the cannon and "the regulars" at the Battle of New Orleans.

Jackson's Batteries, No. 7 and 8, were on the rifle line. They smoked portentously as they bellowed away, and this smoke hung low, in front of the rifle line, throwing a screen between the riflemen and the enemy which would make it impossible for the backwoodsmen to take aim, when their turn should come to fire.

General Adair, of Kentucky noticed this and called General Carroll's attention to it. They both agreed that those batteries had better be ordered to cease firing. They so advised General Jackson. He gave the order, and "Batteries No. 7 and 8" went out of action.

The smoke lifted none too soon, for when it cleared away, there were the British, steadily advancing in magnificent array, not more than three hundred yards off.

Jackson got down off the breastwork.

"They're near enough now," he said to Carroll and Adair.

In front of the centre of the British line rode an officer in brilliant uniform, on a splendid gray charger.

General Adair stepped to where Morgan Ballard, a crack-shot, of the Kentucky force, was waiting with his thumb on the hammer of his rifle.

"Morg," said Adair, "see that officer on the gray horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Snuff his candle," said Adair.

The rifle came up, cracked like a whip, and the British officer, Major Whittaker, toppled off his horse—stone dead—for the ball had nipped his ear and passed clean through from temple to temple.

"*Fire, Fire,*"—the word ran all along the American line, and the rifles began to crack,—the noise blending as the fire became more continuous, until an indescribable volume of keen, tearing, snarling, snapping sound, rang from one end of the breastwork to the other. It was not *a roar* of battle which these rifles made. The rifle report in the old times was a keen sharp *crack,*—a *splitting* sound peculiar to itself,—and when two thousand of these whip-cracker guns were snapping at the same time, the noise must have sounded unearthly in the ears of European veterans accustomed only to muskets and cannon.

The Americans were formed in loose order, four deep, so that as the first line fired it might draw back to load, while the second line advanced to the breastwork to fire. By the time the fourth line had fired, the first had re-loaded, and were ready to shoot. In this way, a continuous sheet of *flame* was kept alive along the American line.

* * * * * * * *

On the night of January 7, Sir Edward Pakenham had called a council of war. The British officers were sorely puzzled by the problem which presented itself to them, and many had their misgivings. Sir Edward Pakenham was the brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and had greatly distinguished himself in Spain; yet his movements and his delays on the Mississippi, had shaken the confidence of his lieutenants. Apparently, he was at a loss what to do. His capacity as a general had not seemed equal to the emergency.

"*Oh for an hour of the old Duke!*" cried one of the British generals. Nothing could more clearly prove what was thought of Pakenham.

At the Council of War it had been finally decided to storm the American works. In vain General Keane remonstrated. In vain Colonel Mullens declared: "Gentlemen, my regiment will have the head of the column tomorrow. You are sending it to execution."

But General Gibbs, an officer of the Braddock type, exclaimed hotly,

"Gentlemen, I have no patience with anyone who argues that the men who stormed Cindad Rodrigo and Badajos can be halted by, much less repulsed from, a low log breastwork manned by a backwoods rabble."

Thus almost by intimidation, the attack in the open, with breasts bared, had been decided on.

At the same time, they had determined to land a force of a thousand men on the right bank of the river, to advance upon New Orleans on that side. Colonel Thornton, an able officer was assigned to this command.

* * * * * * * *

It was about eight o'clock in the morning (the 8th), before the fog lifted sufficiently to satisfy the British that it was time to march. On they went, directing their advance upon Jackson's left. For the American cannon, they cared nothing. They were used to that kind of warfare, were prepared for it, and braved it,—but after Major Whittaker fell, and that awful crackling of rifle-fire commenced, and rank after rank in the attacking column sank into the ground,—dismay took possession of the British.

Every mounted officer had fallen at the first fire. The Forty-fourth foot appeared to have vanished.

The storm then broke upon the Fourth Foot and Seventh Fusiliers.

General Gibbs, as brave a soldier as ever went into battle, vainly strove to hold his men to the work. They broke and fled,—far to the rear.

General Pakenham in person came forward with the second column of attack. The Ninety-third Sutherland Highlanders, a thousand or more in number, were at its head. As he rode past their flank, General Pakenham saluted them with lifted hat.

Spurring his horse to the front Pakenham waved his hat and cried to Colonel Dale, commander of the Highlanders, *"Come on with the tartars!"*

The magnificent column got in motion. But before it did so, Colonel Dale had made his will. He had seen the fate of the first column, and guessed that of the second. But without a murmur he led his Highlanders to the slaughter.

General Pakenham, with a brilliant staff, was conspicuous in this advance of the second column. Barely had he come within range of the American line, before there was the crack of two or three rifles. Pakenham reeled in his saddle, and was lifted to the ground, a dying man.

Then the sheet of flame ran along the American breastwork, the angry crackle and crash of nearly two thousand rifles rang out, and the head of the British column disappeared.

Their officers slain, their front files mown down, the leaden sleet beating upon them pitilessly, and ceaselessly, the Highlanders stopped, not knowing what to do.

"What's the matter with the Sawnies?" impatiently exclaimed the undaunted General Gibbs, who had at length rallied a portion of the

first column and was now leading it back to the assault. The Highlanders were directly in his front, and barring his way.

"What's the matter with the Sawnies? Why don't they go ahead? Tell them to get out of my way, or I will run over them. I'll wipe out that nest of Yankee hornets with the Fusiliers of the Forty-third."

A brave, resolute officer as ever led a column,—this General Gibbs.

But the Highlanders were in confusion, and did not get out of the way. Gibbs obliqued around their right flank—"left shoulder forward"—and swept onward toward the breastwork. Riding a fine black stallion, Gibbs was a splendid picture of the fearless officer on the battlefield, as he led his men that Sunday morning,—bold, confident, unselfish,—taking for himself every risk which he made his men take.

Scarcely had he cleared the flank of the Highlanders, before horse and rider fell; and the rash General Gibbs, who had scorned the backwoods rabble, was borne to the rear, mortally wounded, cursing Pakenham and cursing fate.

As Gibbs fell, General Lambert came up with the reserves.

Lambert had seen enough to convince him of the hopelessness of further assaults. Severely wounded himself, he drew off the wreck of the attacking columns.

While the more serious fighting was taking place in the centre, an attempt was made, by way of the swamp, to flank the American position.

Captain Jugeat and his Choctaws, reinforced by Donelson's Company of Tennesseeans, drove the British back to the plain.

Next to the River, Colonel Rennie had led about 900 of the British against the redoubt held by the Seventh Regulars, and a small battalion of Louisiana Militia, armed with smooth bore muskets.

Colonel Rennie took this redoubt, but could not hold it because of the enfilading fire poured into it from other portions of the American line.

Charging the main American breastwork, Rennie got up into the ditch, and might have gone over the parapet, had not General Carroll seen the danger of the regulars and sent two companies of Tennessee riflemen, at the double to their aid. When these two companies came within range of the British, they got up on the parapet to fire, and when the flame leaped from their rifle mouths, the "right flank column seemed to sink into the earth."

Colonel Rennie and a few others got over the breastworks, but they were killed or captured.

The British attack on the right bank was successful. General Morgan in command of the Americans, committed stupid blunders, and the Kentucky militia, armed with shot guns, could not stand before the British Regulars. The Kentucky troops on the right bank had no such breastworks or rifles as the troops on the left bank had,—whereas the

British were as well equipped on one side of the River as upon the other. Nevertheless, the Militia of General Morgan inflicted a loss of 108 killed and wounded upon the British—losing but nineteen themselves,—which wasn't so bad for shot guns.

Jackson had made a capital mistake in providing so imperfectly for the defense of the right bank; and if Pakenham had been a soldier of original ability he might have deprived Jackson of all the advantages of his position behind the Rodriguey Canal.

As it was, the loss of life among the officers of the British army had been so great, and the spirit of the troops was so much broken, that General Lambert was not prepared to follow up the British victory on the right bank.

After a few days of hesitation, he abandoned the expedition against New Orleans, and Jackson returned to the city to enjoy the honors of a well-won triumph.

NOTE: The official report of the Medical Director of the British army shows the following losses to the enemy, in the battle of January 8, 1815:

Killed on the field	381
Died of wounds	477—858
Wounded and permanently disabled	1,251
Wounded and temporarily disabled	1,217—2,468
Total	3,326

Of this number, 3,000 *were struck by rifle bullets.*

The cannon, and the muskets of the regulars, *struck only* 326.

The American loss was, 8 killed, and 13 wounded. The Choctaws furnished 8 of the casualties, or more than a third.

LORENA: A TALE OF THE FLAT-WOODS.

MARTIN FAIRFIELD was a young preacher sent by the Conference as a missionary to Hatch's Bend, a name vaguely applied to a large stretch of flatwoods country sparsely settled with tallow-faced "crackers," but fairly well populated with pineywoods cattle. He was a gentle, good young man, the only child of a widowed mother, by whom he had been reared with the tender solicitude usually given a girl—indeed he had acquired many girlish arts, such as crochet-work and knitting, in which he was an expert. When his parent, gratifying the desire of her heart to have him made a preacher, sent him to the Seminary, she packed in his trunk his pillow, made of soft goose-down, and along with it six hemstitched pillow-cases, adorned with lace of Martin's own manufacture. Old lady Singletary, with whom he boarded, regarded these as works of art, and always laundered them with the greatest care; indeed she "did" for the preacher with reverent and hearty good will, for he had a taking way with all women folk, besides being very considerate and handy about the house, helping with churning and dishwashing and saving his aged hostess many a backache by fetching lightwood knots for the fires, and water from the distant well, which, as usual, was located in the most inconvenient spot possible to place it.

The men of the flat-woods held Martin in small esteem, as an effeminate person, devoid of manly vices and accomplishments. Being a preacher, however, he was tolerated for the sake of the women, for whom religion was esteemed a necessity. The Mormons had sent missionaries to this district, strong, plausible men, able to ride a bucking mustang, hit the bull's-eye at a target, and, when occasion offered, drink moonshine with the best of them. They had rapidly gained converts, built a meeting-house, and now had a flourishing church established. To counteract their pernicious influence the Conference had sent out young Martin Fairfield; he met with indifferent success, for whereas the Mormons had funds in plenty, and asked no contributions for their work, Martin had to depend entirely upon the community for help to build a meeting-house, in the meanwhile preaching in the log schoolhouse of the district, for want of a better. His congregations being composed mainly of women and children, and the women of the flat-woods having few ways of earning money, their cheerfully given mites would take a long, long time to accumulate a sufficient sum to build the church for which the young pastor longed. Youth is optimistic, however, and despite obstacles, he labored cheerfully, bearing with unaccustomed hardships which his tender rearing but little fitted him to endure, and writing long, hopeful letters to his mother, in that paradisiacal region "up the country," where apples lie, rosy and mellow, in the lush grass of the orchards, and the milk in the spring-house, with running water flowing round the pans, is always cold and sweet.

He was feeling unusually homesick this morning, for Martin, though a preacher of the Gospel, was but a very human young man, who longed sometimes with a great longing for mother and home—which is, no matter where it be, "God's Country." He whistled cheerily, to drive away the blues, as he walked the sandy stretch of road which lay between old lady Singletary's and Lorena Kemp's house, where he was invited to dine. Old man Kemp, Lorena's father, had been violently and chronically opposed to preaching and preachers, hence Martin had seen but little of Lorena, till old man Kemp, succumbing at last to a combination of malaria and moonshine, was laid to rest in the graveyard among the pines, and the preacher had conducted the funeral services. This had occurred a week ago, and, since the perfunctory visit of condolence, made the day after the funeral, Martin had seen nothing of Lorena. Old man Kemp had borne the reputation of being the richest man in all the flat-woods, being possessed of much timberland, undespoiled by turpentine 'stillers, and large herds of cattle in his grazing territory. His mode of living was in no wise different from his neighbors, and Lorena, his only child, had no more advantages of training than the rest of the flat-woods girls, who all attended three months' school terms, taught by some callow youth or maiden, whose knowledge was limited to the three R's. Martin Fairfield wondered, vaguely, why she should send for him; doubtless she wished advice, possibly as to the disposition of her money, if old man Kemp had really left any; as he was a minister, and, presumably, her pastor, she would naturally turn to him for aid. He wished, heartily, that he were a little older, or a great deal wiser, that his advice might be worth something; being a modest young man, he was fully conscious of, and sometimes magnified his deficiencies.

At this point his musings were interrupted by his arrival at the dwelling of old man Kemp's heiress—a log-house, consisting of two rooms and "sheds," with stick-and-mud chimneys at each end; not a very sumptuous dwelling for the richest man of a community. The yard was enclosed by a tumble-down rail fence, but it was neatly swept and filled with homely flowers, making up in color and brilliancy what they lacked in rarity; there were cape jessamines, waxy and languorous with perfume, red prince's feathers and double purple cock's combs; brilliant zinnias called "old maids" by the natives, bachelor buttons, and many other thrifty herbs and flowers, besides a madeira vine, which draped its waxen abundance over the porch, and shaded the water-shelf, on which the water-bucket, with hoops glittering like gold, was set, a white, carefully scraped gourd hanging on a nail beside it. Everything fairly radiated cleanliness—sometimes a sign that the folks are "expectin' comp'ny."

Lorena met him at the door, fluttered and embarrassed, and ushered him into the sitting room. Lorena was twenty-two, a year younger than Martin; she had timid, deep blue eyes, and an abundance of very pale, yellow hair. Martin, noting the blueness of her eyes, and the delicate flush of excitement on her usually sallow cheeks —made so by a long course of malaria and lime-stone water—wondered that he had never before noticed what a pretty girl she was! She was in Sunday attire—a blue muslin (mourning was unheard of in the flat-woods), with a blue ribbon matching her eyes around her throat and waist. She offered Martin the best chair—a home-made rocker, of white oak, with broad arms and a cow-hide seat, covered with a plump, turkey-red feather

cashion, and, having taken a seat at some distance, sat with down-drooped eyes, and fingers that toyed nervously with the scrap of home-made handkerchief in her lap. With approving eyes the young preacher noted the spotless cleanliness of his surroundings: the great feather-bed in the corner, with the brilliant red and green "lone star" quilt and the snowy pillows; the notched and scalloped paper—pitiful imitation of embroidery—which hung from the mantel; the freshly clayed hearth, filled with fragrant cedar boughs and stalks of red gladiolus; the vases filled crudely with flowers and cedar branches, and the steel engraving of General Lee, framed painfully with small pine burrs, sewed on strips of pasteboard, which occupied the place of honor over the mantel. Everything was so spotlessly neat that Martin, glancing at the roughened little hands fingering the handkerchief, found himself wishing that they might be soft and white, like his mother's, and wondering how his mother's ring—the one she had saved for her boy's wife, would look on Lorena's finger. He flushed a little at this thought, and spoke hastily of the weather, how hot it was after the rains, and how likely to make fever. Mr. Ganey's child, across the hammock, was sick with fever, he heard, and he expected to visit it, in the afternoon. Lorena answered in monosyllables, never suggesting a subject, till the entrance of Aunt Dicey Larrabee, announcing that dinner was ready, proved a welcome interruption to this strained conversation. Aunt Dicey was a widow woman who "lived about," and was now staying with Lorena for company; she was a garrulous dame, and there could be no awkward silences in her presence.

The kitchen, where the meals were cooked and eaten, was a small log building in the back yard, at some distance from the dwelling house. Old man Kemp had not taken up with new-fangled inventions, so his folks cooked on the hearth, having no stove, which, said he, "spilt vittles entirely." The table was set in seemly fashion, the oil-cloth coverground, with a pattern of big red roses—shining and clean, freshly washed in butter-milk; the knives and forks were crossed in the most approved manner, and the tin spoons spread, fanwise, in the middle of the table, along with the pepper and salt; a small blue bowl, filled with clabber, was set at each plate. The meal was the regulation company dinner of the flat-woods—a big dish of chicken and rice, stewed together; "flat-woods cabbage," which is the tender bud-shoots of the palmetto tree, very delicate and buttery, when boiled with bacon, like ordinary cabbage; huge, soft milk-biscuits, hoe-cake, sweet potatoes and syrup, with, for dessert, potato-custards, two inches thick, baked in a crust which would have amazed a New England housewife by its thickness and toughness. Two long benches were at the sides of the table, and a chair at each end.

"Brother Fairfield, will you take the head of the table and say grace?" enquired the widow Larrabee, with formal politeness, quite as if it were a matter of course to say grace. During the meal there was no lack of conversation, Aunt Dicey keeping the ball briskly rolling. At its close, she allowed that "Lorena had better tell Brother Fairfield what she sont for him for—for a-walkin' th'ough the brilin' sun f'um old lady Singletary's wan't no joke."

Again the blood dyed Lorena's cheek with a deeper crimson, and again Martin Fairfield found himself thinking how becoming was the unwonted color.

"Me and Aunt Dicey thought, Brother Fairfield—" began Lorena,

but Aunt Dicey broke in: "We didn't, no sech a thing, Lorena, for I ain't got nary dollar nor nary foot o' land, not if my neck was to be broke! You thought hit up yourself, when that there lawyer f'um Dent told you 'bout yo' pappy leavin' all that money in the bank. You 'lowed to me: 'Aunt Dicey, I'm a-goin' to give Brother Fairfield a piece o' my land and 'nough money to build a church-house on hit. You up and 'lowed them very words."

"If you'll have it, Brother Fairfield," added Lorena, with shy eagerness, "I'll be powerful glad. I got land a plenty, and you can pick out the spot that suits you best—I want it done 'cordin' to law."

"Law?" sniffed Aunt Dicey, with scorn, "there haint no sech a thing in the whole county; why folks kin steal a cow or shoot a man, jest as they feel like, and never have no lawin' 'bout hit! Didn't old Mack Sasser drive off yo' pappy's cattle—thirteen head—to Tampa, an' have 'em sont over to Cuby, and was *he* ever lawed for hit? And 'twas well beknownst that he done hit. And wan't Tom Clewis, gwine to Dent, 'lection day, shot dead f'um the bushes? Ev'eybody knowed 'bout the gredge Jake Rawlins had agin him, for sayin' he wan't a-gwine to vote for Jake for sheriff. Mought as well a-seed him do hit, folks knowed hit so plain, but Jake never was lawed 'bout hit."

"But, Aunt Dicey, I aint a-talkin' 'bout that sorter law, I mean to have the land surveyed and the deeds drawed up, and I want to go to Dent, tomorrow, and get the money out'n the bank, so's Brother Fairfield can start the buildin' right away."

The young preacher's face was radiant. "Miss Lorena," said he, "how can I ever repay you! The Lord has surely put this blessed thought in your heart. Believe me, no buyer will pay so much for your land, no creditor give so high a rate of interest on your money as He will! Only this morning, I confess I felt almost utterly discouraged, but now you have given me such hope, and such blessed assurance that He will look after His work—for I know that it is for Him that you do this."

But Lorena, down in her heart, knew that the Lord had very little to do with her generous thought. It was Brother Fairfield that she wanted to help, Brother Fairfield whose boyish face had been pictured on her heart since the first time she heard him preach—the time that old man Kemp was away in the woods, cow-hunting, and she and Aunt Dicey had hitched the wiregrass pony to the cart and jogged through the heavy sand to the school house, to church. She murmured, incoherently, that "she was glad of the chance to do a little some'pn—she had right smart o' money in the bank, the lawyer said, and she didn't have nobody but herself to do for."

Aunt Dicey here spoke up: "If we-all air gwine to Dent tomorrow, we mustn't forget to fetch back some coffee, I made the last grain for dinner, an' my snuff's 'bout out, an' they haint much left in your box—I uses bladder-snuff, myself, but Lorena she alluz dips Sweet Scotch," she explained to the preacher.

Once more the crimson dyed poor Lorena's face; she "dipped" as did all the girls of the flat-woods, but she would rather that Brother Fairfield knew nothing of it. She had a vague idea that the girls "back yander, where he come from," did not use snuff, and already she had, secretly, given up the habit.

"I thought," she stammered, hastily, "that Brother Fairfield would go to town with us; they's plenty room in the cyart, and I want him to tend to gettin' the surveyor, and seein' 'bout the deeds and things."

Martin heartily agreed to this proposal. "I'll be over by sun-up," said he, "in the meantime I must bid you good-bye and be going, for I must see that sick child of Brother Ganey's and it is a long, dark walk through the hammock."

"Powerful dark, atter sundown," agreed Aunt Dicey, "right smart dark in the daytime, when the sun's a-shinin'; and snakes a-plenty, too. I alluz want light to see underfoot, when I walks th'ough the hammock."

With hope singing in his heart, Martin Fairfield went on his way, and, as he walked, happy thoughts filled his mind; visions of a future suddenly changed from dreary grey to roseate loveliness. He beheld his church completed, and the people being gradually weaned from the Mormon doctrines, and, later, there would be a pleasant little cottage, with a sweet-faced young wife, whose presence made it home for him. A wife with sky-blue eyes, and a sweet, shy manner—what a pleasure it would be to teach her, in the quiet evenings, the book-lore of which she knew so little; her mind, apt and intelligent, would gradually expand and develop under this loving tuition, and then she would be a helpmate indeed, fitted to counsel him in need—a true wife! At the sweet word, unconsciously uttered, his boyish cheek flushed as deeply as Lorena's had done, and, with a happy laugh he murmured, "it won't do for me to indulge in day-dreams now—though God grant they come true!"

At a bend of the road he came face to face with a man, mounted on a mustang; a cow-boy, evidently, from the usual insignia of sombrero, buckskin gauntlets, creaking cartridge-belt, revolver and lariat coiled over his saddle horn. He was a young man, tall and swarthy, with the peculiarly oily skin and glittering black eye belonging to the descendant of the Spaniard, whether he be the Greaser of Texas or the Dago of Florida. This individual eyed Martin with a long and offensive stare, vouchsafing only a surly nod in response to the latter's friendly greeting, and, sticking his spurred heel into the pony's side, galloped on towards Lorena's dwelling. Arriving at the gate he dismounted, and with much creaking of leather and jingling of spurs, swaggered into the house. As he stepped into the room, Lorena uttered a low exclamation of dismay, and Aunt Dicey ejaculated: "Massy, if hit hain't Bud Sanchez! And we-all a-thinking you was in the cedar swamps."

"Where some folks would ruther I'd be, I'm a-thinkin," rejoined Bud Sanchez, surlily. "Lorena, I come soon's I got news the old man had kicked the bucket; I'm powerful sorry, but we all must go when the time comes, I reckon." He spoke awkwardly, for the task of comforter was new to him. "Now the old man alluz wanted me'n you to git ma'ied, you know; but you was alluz a puttin' of it off for some foolishness or 'nother. Now I jest want to tell you sech doin's is got to stop; yo' pappy's dead, and 'taint fitten for you to live on here by yourself. I hearn tell they was a preacher here—must a-ben that there little dood with a collar on, I met this side of the hammock. Ef you ruther have him 'n Square Lott, why, I'll fetch him over here in the mornin' and we'll git hitched together all kereet. What you say, Lorena?" He spoke with a defiant bravado, as if he expected an unfavorable answer, but was determined to browbeat her into agreeing to his wishes.

Lorena's blue eyes flashed with unwonted fire. "I'll jest say this, Bud Sanchez: I ain't never wanted you, and you know it, well and good! Pappy made me go with you, and I reckon if he'd a-lived, I *a-had* to marry you, but now he's dead and I'm my own

boss, and I tell you right here, I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man! This is my house, and I'll thank you to git out'n it, and stay!"

"So that's the talk, is it? Wall, I tells *you,* Lorena, I was good 'nough for ye to go with, and keep company with, while yo' daddy was alive, and he give me his promise of you a year ago, and I'll see to you a keepin' hit, all right! What that preacher doin' over here?" he asked suddenly, turning to Aunt Dicey.

The old lady, who was very much afraid of Bud, desiring to soothe him, and, at the same time save the preacher from the effects of his wrath, declared eagerly that the latter had no intention of "co'tin' Lorena," and straightway unfolded the plan of the promised church, and the trip to be taken to Dent, next day. "Ef you knowed him, Bud," said the old lady, "you'd think a heap o' Brother Fairfield; I wish he could a-staid, so's you'n him mought a-got acquainted, but one o' Jim Ganey's young'uns was sick, and he put off th'ough the hammock, to see hit."

Bud laughed slowly and mockingly. "So you'n the preacher's gwine to take a ride in the mornin'? An' you're gwinter give him yo' daddy's hard earned money to build a meetin' house? An' he's gwine th'ough the hammock to see one o' Ganey's young-uns, is he? Wall, I hope nothin' 'll happen to him, to keep you'n him fum takin' yo' ride in the mornin'! Good evenin' folks, maybe I'll look in later, when we got mo' time to talk 'bout that there weddin' o' ourn, Lorena!"

And he arose and left the cabin, the spurs on his heels jingling, and the big horseman's pistol creaking in its holster. A revolver was a familiar weapon, always carried by men of that region, and really necessary, for rattlesnakes abound in the flat-woods and the cotton-mouth moccasin in the cedar swamps. Sometimes a pony will stop short in a mad gallop after a fleeing yearling paralyzed by terror at the sight of a monster rattler lying coiled in his path; it is on such occasions that the ever ready six-shooter comes in handy.

Lorena had never looked on this weapon with anything but indifference, but now the sight sent the angry blood flowing back to her heart, and fear, as powerful a narcotic as the bite of a cotton-mouth, for the moment congested her veins and paralyzed her limbs with terror. "Aunt Dicey," she stammered, with stiff lips, "what's Bud a-goin' to do? *What's* he aimin' to do?"

"Nothin'," replied Aunt Dicey, stoutly. "Law child, don't you go to gittin' skeered 'bout Bud a'doin' nothin'! He's pint blank like his gran'-daddy, ole Spanish Pedro, a dago from Minorcy, wherever that mought be, and alluz a-squallin' some sorter lingo couldn't nobody understand, when he got mad, an' a-th'eatnin' to cut his wife, ole Aunt Ma'y Jane Sancheze's th'oat, ev'ey time she didn't do to suit him. He never did hurt nobody, as I knows of, fer he was skeered o' his own shadder. Bud's jest the spit of him—all brash talk and brag, don't 'mount to a row o' brass pins! Hit's time we driv up the cows Lorena, the sun's a-gittin' low. Git the milk bucket and come on, an' stop a thinkin' foolishness!"

Lorena obeyed; she put on her slat-bonnet, and, taking the milk bucket on her arm, went on to the cow-pen, where the calves were bleating piteously for their mothers, whose deep answering lows came from the distance, where they browsed on the shoots of saw-palmetto, or cropped the buds from the black-jack bushes. Mechanically she followed Aunt Dicey, driving up the cows, loath to leave their scanty supper, and milking the blue-white fluid from flabby udders. Then

when the milking was done, the milk-cows penned for the night, and the calves turned out to graze with the dry cattle, she and Aunt Dicey went back to the cabin where they busied themselves in straining and putting away the milk. Then Aunt Dicey ate her supper of bread and clabber, sitting contentedly in the doorway, a hunk of cold hoecake in her hand and the bowl of clabber beside her, on the step.

But Lorena could eat no supper; she sat on the step beside Aunt Dicey, while the light waned in the west, and the frogs from the stagnant pools in the woods began their nightly croaking. For fear was in Lorena's heart, and she prayed dumbly: "Let him get through the hammock 'fore dark! *Please,* God, let him get through the hammock 'fore it gets too dark to see!"

Suddenly, from the ridgepole of the cabin there came a cry, piercing, doom-laden, unutterably woeful! Lorena caught Aunt Dicey with trembling hands, tense in their strength. "'Taint nothin' but a scritch-owl!" chided the old lady, soothingly, and promptly unlaced her brogan and turned it, heel up, on the step. "There, if you turn up yo' shoe, fust time he hollers, he won't fetch death, nor trouble, nor nothin' bad to yo' house."

But Lorena, hearing the warning, knew it could not be averted, and waited.

* * * *

Bud Sanchez, on leaving Lorena's house, dug his Mexican spurs cruelly into the quivering sides of the pony, causing the animal to leap forward with the pain, and gallop swiftly down the road from whence he came. At the edge of the hammock, which was a vast tract of virgin forest, crowded with semi-tropical vegetation through which the sun at noonday shone but palely, he dismounted, tying his pony safely to a tree, well hidden from the gaze of any chance passer-by; then, skirting the trail which led through the hammock, the descendant of Spanish Pedro stole, swiftly as a hunter on his quarry, silently as an Indian creeps on his prey. Law in the flat-woods was little to be dreaded, if the crime were in anywise concealed, and Bud Sanchez, with the cunning of his race, had formed a plan whereby his victim might be safely hidden. In the depths of the hammock, yet close by the path, lay a lime-sink, or natural well, so plentiful in some parts of the State. This pool, known as the "blue sink," was probably bedded with quicksand, for nothing ever rose to its surface, though hogs, and even cattle, coming to drink, had fallen in its treacherous waters, which only rippled darkly over their hidden bodies and gave no sign of the mysteries below.

Bud Sanchez's plan was this: He would overtake Martin Fairfield, creep softly up and shoot him in the back, then fling the body into the blue sink, which could be trusted to keep its own dark counsel. There would be a little talk, of course, for a human life is a human life, though it be only that of a preacher. But it would all end in talk, as usual, nothing could be proven. After that, he would marry Lorena; for all her brave words she was afraid of him, he knew, and if persuasion did no good, there was always force! A complaisant justice would marry them, no matter how averse one of the parties might be—if only the fee was big enough. Old man Kemp's lands, money and herds would be his own, and he would live as befitted the richest cattleman in the flat-woods—maybe he would go to the legislature, after awhile; there was money to be had, as well as honors, when the big corporations needed votes.

With these pleasant thoughts in

his mind, the man still pursued, with swift and wary footsteps, his innocent victim; and, as if Fate played into his hand, he beheld the preacher standing idly beside the blue sink, watching, with a fascinated awe, the sluggish flow of the black water. Bud Sanchez nearly laughed aloud! Everything was in readiness; there would only be a bullet, plowing swift and straight through the heart, a plunge into the dark pool, then silence—forever and forever!

He held his revolver ready cocked, in his right hand; his arm shot out, quivered, and became tense. The cowboy might be a coward, like his Spanish grandsire, but he had one distinctly American characteristic—he could shoot straight.

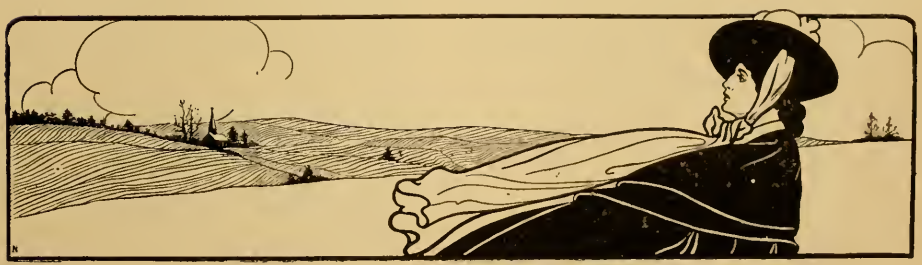
The preacher, leaning over the water, hummed absently:

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!"

The cowboy, seeking better aim, took one step forward into a clump of fern, breast-high. He was aware of something soft underfoot, there was a swift wriggle, and, in another second, a ringing, whirring noise, unmistakable to one who has ever heard it—the death warning of the King of the flat-woods! A black and yellow body darted upright, and into Bud Sanchez's bared right arm the deadly fangs of the great rattlesnake were buried. The cry of the screech-owl, moaning on the ridge-pole, had, indeed, meant death!

* * * *

Sometimes, by strange chance, day dreams become realities. The Reverend Martin Fairfield, though he will never become a forceful preacher, is, nevertheless, a very contented man. Rewarding his successful labors as a missionary, the Conference transferred him to "God's country," where in the spring house the milk is always cold and sweet, with the running stream rippling under the pans. In the long grass of the orchard his rosy children hunt for apples as rosy as themselves, while by his hearthfire sit the women dearest to his heart —his mother and his wife, Lorena.



THE FIRST RURAL MAIL CARRIER.

BY L. R. MASSENGALE.

NORWOOD, Ga., claims the honor of having the first rural mail carrier in the United States, and there is no doubt that when the Hon. Thos. E. Watson clerked for the Hon. T. E. Massengale here in the early seventies that he gathered his first ideas about rural free delivery service that finally found fruition when he introduced his famous bill in Congress asking for an appropriation to put his scheme into effect.

The subject of this sketch is an old negro of the ante-bellum type named Jerry Persons; better known, though, to every boy, woman and child under the familiar name of "skushman," long past the three-score mark, illiterate, stooped in form, shambling in his walk, and has but one eye; over the sightless one he wears a black flap. This old negro can be seen every morning early, coming in to town with his mail sack swung across his back in time to get his mail off on the 9 o'clock train. He then waits until the 11:30 train from Atlanta, gets the mail for his patrons and then starts on his return journey. He made his first trip in 1868, forty years ago, and since that time has missed only one day. Through sleet and snow, rain and cold, he makes his daily trip. He served six families on his route until a few years ago, now he has only four patrons, which covers a distance of five miles, making a total distance he walks every day of ten miles. Thus it can be seen that in one year's time he walks three thousand, one hundred and ten miles and has traveled since his first trip the enormous distance of 124,400 miles, or a distance five times as great as the distance around the earth.

On his route originally were the families of Hon. John H. Hall, ex-representative from this county, Mr. A. S. Ray, Mr. S. E. Ray, Mr. Jerry Scott, Mr. George Parham and Mr. H. W. Smith. While this old negro can neither read nor write, yet he has never made a mistake nor delivered a letter to the wrong person. The postmaster at Norwood every day gives him the mail for his different patrons, telling him as he hands out each parcel that it is for so and so, and the

UNCLE JERRY WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

old negro after carefully scrutinizing each piece, places it in his pouch and his remarkable memory has never yet failed him.

When rural mail routes were established from the Norwood office the patrons along his route did not become subscribers, but still retained their old carrier. The rural carriers leave Norwood every morning at 7 o'clock, and of course miss the morning papers from Augusta and Atlanta and the old negro leaving at 11:30 is without competition in carrying out the morning news.

READY FOR RETURN TRIP.

JERRY'S BRIDGE.

Leaving Norwood along the Norwood and Barnett road his route runs this way about a mile where he then turns out a long lane leading to the home of the Hon. J. H. Hall about half a mile; from here he travels a path known to everybody as "Jerry's Path," and a half mile further crosses Harts creek on a bridge known as "Jerry's Bridge." This bridge is a very unique affair and was built by the old negro out of dead limbs and poles picked up from the woods through which he has to pass. There is not a single nail, nor a spike, nor anything whatever to hold the timbers together. Placing poles just where the creek forks with a branch he began placing short pieces of wood perpendicularly across until the bridge was finally finished. When the bridge needs repair he will bring a piece of dead wood from along his route and mend the place. From year to year this old, strange looking bridge looks the same. From this bridge to his next stop is about half a mile to his next patron, Mr. A. S. Ray. From here he takes the public road to Mr. S. E. Ray's, Mr. Jerry Scott's, Mr. George Parham's and Mr. H. W. Smith's. The latter three named are not now on his route. Mr. Scott and Mr. Parham have moved away and Mr. Smith is dead. Hon. J. H. Hall is also dead but his family are still patrons of the route.

Not only has he been a faithful carrier but has been an able ally of the little god, Cupid. Along his route lived many of the prettiest and sweetest girls in all Warren county and many letters and notes has this old negro carried from the boys in town to some expectant maid in the country. All of these girls are married now and many of them are grandmothers. I have heard one of these ladies relate how Uncle Jerry used to bring her notes from her sweetheart in town, and although her parents objected to her receiving notes, how the old negro would always faithfully deliver them, never making a mistake, and always doing so in a way the old folks would never catch on. If the old people were present when he passed he would never let on that he had a letter at all, but would go on by to a negro house below the "Big House" where he would place the love epistle in a secret crevice and returning in the morning would always find another in its place to deliver to the waiting lover in town. Thus was the old negro a principal character in many pretty romances and nearly every one of the parties for whom he carried these little notes are married to these selfsame lovers whom the old negro so faithfully served.

There may possibly be in the United States other people who have delivered mail from town into the country, coming in once or twice a week, but there is hardly another character in the whole world that enjoys the unique record of this humble darkey. And I believe if the authorities in Washington knew of his faithful service they would gladly give him a pension, for he has done as much for the Government as many carriers do to day, serving more than forty persons on his route and demonstrating years ago the practicability of Rural Route service. In a few years he will be unable to make his route, for he is growing old, and for his faithful services he has never asked nor received more than his clothes and food.

POSSESSION.

With princely pride, his princely lands toward,
He pointed, saying: "Of these acres broad,
Lo, I, alone, am master sole and lord."

The old Earth chuckled at the boaster's stress:
"Fool, know that I, alone, am masterless:
All them that hath possessed me I possess."

Ada A. Mosher, White Springs, Fla.

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN

Chapter XXXVI.

THE next morning Jane did not come out to breakfast. Virginia had it ready on the table and went to her mother's room to call her. There was no response. Opening the door, she saw Jane, fully dressed, standing at the window looking out, but she refused to speak when gently informed that breakfast was ready. Then Virginia went back to the kitchen, and, arranging some delicacies, a cup of coffee, and other things on a tray, she took it in and left it on her mother's table and retired, closing the door after her.

For a week Jane refused to leave her room or speak to her daughter. Three times a day Virginia took her mother's food to her, always finding the window-shade drawn and the chamber dark.

One morning, about this time, Virginia happened to see Ann in her peanut-patch, a rich spot of ground below the old woman's barn-yard, and, seeing that she would be quite unobserved, she put on her bonnet and shawl and joined Ann, who, with a long, narrow hoe, was carefully digging the peanuts from the hills, and pulling them out by the brown, frost-bitten vines, and shaking the earth from their roots and leaving them to dry and season in the open air.

"I never saw goobers to beat these," Ann said, proudly, as she held up a weighty bunch. "I reckon this patch will turn out a good hundred bushel. I hit it just right; they tell me in town that they are bringing a fine price. I've been wondering what was the matter with you, child. You've been keeping powerful close in-doors."

Then, as Jane leaned on her smooth hoe-handle, Virginia told her frankly all that had taken place, leaving out nothing, and ending with her mother's self-incarceration and sullen mood.

"Well," Ann exclaimed, her brow ruffled with pained perplexity, "I hardly know what to say in the matter. I don't blame you for letting out the whole business after you once got started. That was just natural. But don't worry about her. She'll pull through; she's tough as whitleather; her trouble's not of the body, but the mind. I know; I've been through enough of it. Mark my propheey, she'll come out one of these days feeling better. She'll crawl out of her darkness like a butterfly from its dead and useless husk. She'll see clearer out in the open light when once she strikes it. Look here, child, I don't want to look like a sniffling fool after all the hard rubs I've had in this life to toughen me, but I'm a changed woman. Reading Luke's wonderful articles every week, and remembering the things the boy has said to me off and on, had something to do with it, I reckon, and then this experience of yours on top of it all helped. Yes, I'm altered; I'm altered and against my natural inclination. That

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very woman is *the* one particular human thorn in my flesh, and yet, yet, child, as the Lord is my Master, I mighty nigh feel sorry for her. I mighty nigh pity the poor, old, sin-slashed creature housed up there in solitary darkness with her bleeding pride and envy and hate. I pity her now, I reckon, because the way this has turned out hurts her more than any open fight she could have with me. I'd 'a' died long ago under all the slush and mire that was dabbed on me if I handn't amused myself making money. I didn't have the social standing of some of these folks, but I had the hard cash, and the clink of my coin has been almost as loud as their taunts. But your ma—she's had very little substance all along, and that little has been dwindling day by day, till she finds herself without a dollar and owing her very life to a woman she hates. Yes, her lot is a hard one, and I'm sorry for her. I pity your mammy, child."

Chapter XXXVII.

For two weeks longer Jane Hemingway, to the inexplicable sorrow of her gentle and mystified daughter, kept the seclusion of her room. The curtains of the single window looking out on the yard in the rear were constantly drawn, and, though the girl sometimes listened attentively with her ear to the wall, she heard no sound to indicate that her mother ever moved from her bed or her chair at the fireplace, where she sat enveloped in blankets. She had allowed Virginia to push a plate containing her meals three times a day through the door, but the things were promptly received into the darkness and only sullen silence was the invariable response to the frequent inquiries the girl made.

One morning Sam stopped his niece in the yard near the well, a droll, half-amused expression on his face. "Do you know," he said, "that I believe I'd 'a' made a bang-up detective if I'd given time to it."

"Do you think so?" Virginia said, absently.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "Now, I'm going to give you an instance of what a body can discover by sticking two and two together and nosing around till you are plumb sure you know what a certain thing means. Now, you are a woman—not an old one, but a woman all the same—and they are supposed to see what's at the ends of their noses and a heap beyond, but when it comes to detective work they are not in it. I reckon it's because they won't look for what they don't want to see, and to make a good detective a body must pry into everything that is in sight. Well, to come to the case in hand, you've been sticking grub through that crack in the door to your mammy, who put herself in limbo several weeks ago, but in all that time you have never seen the color of her cheeks to know whether the fare is fattening her or thinning her down to the bone. In fact, you nor me, on the outside, hain't supposed to know a blasted thing about what's going on in there. But—and there's where the detective work comes in—one morning—it was day before yesterday to be accurate—I took notice that all the stray cats and ducks and chickens had quit basking on the sunny side of the house and was staying around your mammy's window. Now, thinks I, that's odd; that's not according to the general run; so I set in to watching, and what do you reckon? I found out that all them noah's Ark passengers, of the two and four-footed sort, had assembled there to get their meals. Your mammy was regularly throwing out the dainty grub you fixed for her. I laid in wait nigh the window this morning and saw her empty the plate.

I went close and took a look. She had just nibbled a bit or two, like the pecking of a sparrow, out of the centre of the bread-slices, but she hadn't touched the eggs nor the streak-o'-lean-streak-o'-fat you thought she set such store by. Good Lord, Virgie, don't you think the thing's gone far enough—having a drove of cats fed on the fat o' the land, when me and you are living on scraps?''

''Uncle''—Virginia's startled eyes bore down on him suddenly—''what does it mean?''

''Mean? Why, that there'll be a passle of cats on this place too fat to walk, while me 'n' you'll be too lean to cast a shadow if we stood side by side in the sun.''

''Oh, uncle, do you suppose she is worse?'' Virginia asked, in deep concern.

''I don't know,'' Sam said, seriously, ''my Pinkerton job ended with the discovery of them cat banquets, but I've about reached *one* opinion.''

''And what is that?'' the girl asked, anxiously, as she bent towards her uncle.

''Why, I think maybe she's so mad and set back by all that's happened that she's trying to starve herself to death to get even.''

''Oh, uncle, don't say that!'' Virginia cried—''don't! don't!''

''Well, then, you study it out,'' he said. ''It's too much for me.''

That morning Virginia quietly slipped over to Ann Boyd's and confided the new phase of the situation to her sympathetic friend, but Ann could not account for Jane's strange conduct, and Virginia returned home no wiser than she had left. However, at the fence she met Sam. His face was aglow with excitement.

''What you reckon?'' he said. ''The bird has flown.''

''Mother, you mean?''

''Yes, she's skipped clean out. It was this way: Pete Denslow drove past about twenty minutes ago in his empty two-horse wagon, and I hollered out to him and asked him whereaway. He pulled up at the gate and said he was going over the mountain to Gilmer after a load of ginseng to fetch back to Darley. Well, sir, no sooner had he said that than your mammy piped up from her dungeon, where she stood listening at a crack, and said, said she, sorter sheepish-like: 'Sam, ask him if he will let me go with him; I promised to go see Sally Maud Pincher over there the first time any wagon was passing, and I want to go.' Well, I told Pete, and he looked at the sun and wanted to know how long it would take her to get ready. She heard him, and yelled out from the door that she'd be out in five minutes, and, bless you, she was on the seat beside him in less time in her best clothes and carpet-bag in hand. She was as white in the face as a convict out taking a sunning, and her gingham looked like it was hanging from a hook on her neck, she was that thin. She never said a word to me as she went by. At first I thought she was plumb crazy, but she had the clearest eye in her head I ever saw, and she was chattering away to Pete about the weather as if he was an unmarried man and she was on the carpet.''

''Oh, uncle, what do you think it means?'' Virginia sighed, deeply worried.

''Why, I think it's a fine sign, myself,'' said Sam. ''I'm not as good a judge of women as I am of mules—though a body ought to know as much of one as the other—but I think she's perhaps been wanting to get a breath of fresh air for some time and didn't like to acknowledge she was tired of cave-life. Over there at Pincher's, you see, she can slide back into her old ways without attracting attention by it.''

''And she didn't leave a word of

directions to me?" the girl said, sadly.

"Not a word," was the droll reply. "I didn't say good-bye to her myself. To tell the truth, I had noticed that she'd forgot to put up a snack for her and Pete to eat on the way, and I was afraid she might remember it at the last minute and take what little there was left for you and me."

But Jane evidently had something to attend to before paying her promised visit to Sally Maud Pincher, for on their arrival at the village of Ellijay, the seat of the adjoining county, she asked her obliging conveyor to put her down at a hotel, where she intended to spend the night. It was then about five o'clock in the afternoon, and she went into the little office, which looked like a parlor in a farm-house, and registered her name and was given a room with a sky-blue door and ceiling and whitewashed walls, at the head of the stairs. She sat after that at the window, looking out upon the dreary street and the lonely, red-clay road leading up the mountain, till it grew dark. She went down to the dining room when the great brass bell was rung by a negro boy who shook it vigorously as he walked through the hall and around the house, but she had no appetite—the long, jolting journey over the rough road had weakened rather than stimulated her faint physical needs, and so she took only a glass of milk, into which she had dropped a few morsels of bread, eating the mixture with a spoon like a child.

"If I'm going to do this thing," she mused, as she sat on her bed in her night-dress and twisted her hair in a knot, "the quicker it's over the better. When I left home it seemed easy enough, but now it's awful—simply awful!"

She slept soundly from sheer fatigue, and was up the next morning and dressed before the hotel cook, an old woman, had made a fire in the range. She walked down-stairs into the empty hall and out on the front veranda, but saw no one. The ground was white with frost and the mountain air was crisp and cutting, but it seemed to have put color into her cheeks. Going through the office, where she saw no one, she went into the dining-room just as the cook was coming in from the adjoining kitchen.

"Good-morning," Jane said. "I've got about four miles to walk, and, as I've lately been down sick in bed, I want to sorter take it slow and get an early start. I paid my bill before I went to bed last night, including breakfast, and if you could give me a slice of bread-and-butter and a cup of coffee, that will be all I want."

"Well, I can get them ready in a minute," said the woman, "but I'd hate to do a four-mile walk on as little as that."

"I've been sort of dieting myself," Jane said, perhaps recalling her past bounty to the cats and chickens at the window of her room, "and I don't need much."

"Well, all right," said the cook, spreading a napkin at one end of a long table; "you set down here and I'll supply you in a few minutes. The landlord leaves me in charge here till he gets up. He's a late sleeper; he was out last night at the trial of the moonshiners. You say you paid for breakfast in your bill. I think it's a shame. If he wasn't so easy to make mad, I'd go shake him up and get some of your money back. I don't happen to tote the key to the cash-drawer. I reckon you paid seventy-five cents for supper, bed, and breakfast—'s., b., and b.,' we call it for short—and you are entitled to a full round—meat, eggs, fish (in season), batter-cakes or waffles, whichever it is. Our waffle-irons are split right half in two, and we just give batter-cakes now; but folks know the brand

clean to Darley. You ought to see the judge tackle 'em during court week; him and the district-attorney had a race the other night, to see which could eat the most. I had three pans running, and such a smoke of burning lard in the kitchen you couldn't have seen a white cat in an inch of your nose. The whole jury and a lot of witnesses under guard of the sheriff was allowed to look on. The judge beat. The lawyer got so full he couldn't talk, and that was the signal to call a halt. I was glad, for old Mrs. Macklin was waiting in the kitchen to try to hear if there was any chance to save her son, who was being tried for killing that feller in the brick-yard last summer. Ever' time I'd come in for fresh cakes she'd look up sorter pitiful-like to see if I'd heard anything. They'd already agreed to send 'im up for life, but I didn't know it. Yes, you ought to have a quarter of that money back, *anyway*. Unless a knife and fork is used, I make a habit, when it's left to me, not to charge a cent, and you don't look like you are overly flush."

"No, but I'm satisfied as it is," Jane said, as she finished her bread and milk. "I didn't expect to get it for any less."

Chapter XXXVIII.

A few minutes later, with her flabby carpet-bag on her sharp hip, Jane fared forth on the mountain road, which led farther eastward. She walked slowly and with increased effort, for the high altitude seemed to affect her respiration, and, light as it was, the carpet-bag became cumbersome and she had to pause frequently to rest.

"Yes, if I'm going to do it. I'll have to plunge in and do it, and be done with the matter," she kept saying. "I reckon it isn't the first time such a thing has been heard of." She passed several humble mountain houses, built of logs, on the way, but stopped at none of them. The sun was near the zenith when she came to a double log-cabin standing back on a plot of newly cleared land a hundred yards from the rocky road. A tall, plain-looking girl, with a hard, unsympathetic face, stood in the doorway, and she stepped down to the ground and quieted a snarling dog which was chained to a stake driven into the earth.

"I reckon you are Nettie Boyd, ain't you?" Jane said.

"I used to be," the young woman answered. "I married a Lawson—Sam Lawson—awhile back."

"Oh, yes, I forgot that. I'd heard it, too, of course, but it slipped my memory. I'm a Hemingway, from over in Murray County—Jane Hemingway. I used to be acquainted with your pa. Is he handy?"

"Yes, he was here just a minute ago," Ann Boyd's daughter answered. "He's around at his hay-stack pulling down some roughness for the cow. Go in and take a seat and I'll call him. Lay your bonnet on the bed and make yourself at home."

Jane went into the cabin, the walls of which were unlined, being only the bare logs with the bark on them. The cracks where the logs failed to fit closely together were filled with the red clay from the hills around. There was not a picture in sight, not an ornament on the crude board shelf over the rugged mud-and-stone fireplace. From wooden pegs driven in auger-holes in the walls hung the young bride's meagre finery, in company with what was evidently her husband's best suit of clothes and hat. Beneath them, on the floor, stood a pair of new woman's shoes, dwarfed by contrast to a heavier and larger masculine pair. Jane sat down, rolling her bonnet in her stiff fingers. The chair she sat on was evidently of home make, for the rockers were un-

evenly sawed, and, on the unplaned boards of the floor, it had a joggling, noisy motion when in use. There were two beds in the room, made of rough, pine planks. The coverings of the beds were not in order and the pillows were soiled.

"If she'd 'a' stayed on with Ann she would 'a' made a better housekeeper than that," Jane mused. "She's a sight, too, with her hair uncombed and dress so untidy so soon after the honeymoon. I can see now that her and Ann never would get on together. Anybody could take one look at that girl and see she's selfish. I wonder what that fellow ever saw in her?"

There was a sound of voices outside. With a start, Jane drew herself erect. The carpet-bag on her knees threatened to fall, and she lowered it to the floor. Her ordeal was before her.

"Why, howdy do?"

Joe Boyd, in tattered shirt, trousers patched upon patches, and gaping shoes through which his bare toes showed, stood in the doorway. That the old beau and the once most popular young man of the country-side could stand looking like that before her, even after the lapse of all those trying years, and not feel abashed, was one of the inexplicable things that rushed through Jane Hemingway's benumbed brain. That she, herself, could be looking at the very husk of the ideal of manhood she had held all those years and not cry out in actual pain over the pitiful evidences of his collapse from his high estate was another thing she marvelled over. Joe Boyd! Could it actually be he? Could those gaunt, talon-nailed members, with their parchment-like skin, be the hands she used to think so shapely? Could those splaying feet be the feet that had tripped more lightly in the Virginia reel than those of any other man for miles around? Could those furtive, harsh-glancing eyes be the deep, dreamy ones in which she had once seen the mirage of her every girlish hope? Could that rasping tone come from the voice whose never diminishing echo had rung in her ears through all those years of hiding her secret from the man she had married out of "spite," through all her long tooth-in-flesh fight with the rival who had temporarily won and held him?

She rose and gave him her hand, and the two stood facing each other, she speechless, he thoroughly at his indolent ease.

"Well, I reckon, Jane, old girl," he laughed, as he wiped a trickling stream of tobacco-juice from the corner of his sagging mouth, "that you are the very last human being I ever expected to lay eyes on again. I swear I wouldn't 'a' known you from Adam's cat if Nettie hadn't told me who it was. My, how thin you look, and all bent over!"

"Yes, I'm changed, and you are too, Joe," she said, as, with a stiff hand beneath her, she sought the chair again.

"Yes"—he went to the doorway and spat voluminously out into the yard, and came back swinging a chair as lightly in his hand as if it had been a baseball bat with which he was playing—"yes, I reckon I am altered considerable; a body's more apt to see changes in others than in himself. I was just thinking the other day about them old times. La me! how much fun we all did have, but it didn't last—it didn't last."

He sat down, leaning forward and clasping his dry-palmed hands with a sound like the rubbing together of two pieces of paper. There was an awkward silence. Nettie Lawson came to the door and glanced in inquiringly, and then went away. They heard her calling her chickens some distance from the cabin.

"No, I wouldn't have recognized you if I'd met you alone in the big

road," he said, "nor you wouldn't me, I reckon."

"Joe"—she was looking about the room—"somehow I had an idea that you were in—in a little better circumstances than—than you seem to be in now."

"Well, that wouldn't be hard to imagine, anyway," he said, with an intonation like a sigh, if it wasn't one. "If a body couldn't imagine a better fix for a man to be in than I am in, they'd better quit. Lord, Lord, I reckon I ought to be dead ashamed to meet you in this condition when you knew me away back in them palmy days, but, Jane, I really believe I've sunk below that sort of a feeling. You know I used to cut a wide swath when I had plenty of money and friends, but what's the use of crying over spilt milk? This is all there is left of me. I managed to marry Nettie off to a feller good enough in his way. I thought he was a fine catch, but I don't know. I was under the impression that his folks had some money to give him to sorter start the two out, but it seems they didn't have, and was looking for a stake themselves. Since they married he just stays round here, contented and about as shiftless as anybody could be. I thought, for instance, that he never got in debt, but a storekeeper in town told me the other day that he owed him for the very duds he was married in."

"That's bad, that's powerful bad," Jane said, sympathetically. Then a fixed look took possession of her eyes, and her fingers tightened on her bonnet in her lap, as she plunged towards the thing with which she was burdened. "Joe," she continued, "I've come all the way over the mountain in my delicate health to see you about a particular matter. God knows it's the hardest thing I ever contemplated, but there is no other way out of it."

"Well, I think I know what you are going to say," he answered, avoiding her eyes.

"You do, Joe?" she exclaimed. "Oh no, surely, you can't know that."

"Well, I think I can make a guess," he said, awkwardly twirling his fingers round and round. "You see, I always make a habit, when I happen to meet anybody from over your way, of asking about old acquaintances, and I heard some time back that you was in deep trouble. They said you had some high-priced doctoring to do in Atlanta, and that you was going from old friend to old friend for what little help they could give. I'm going to see what I can do towards it myself, since you've taken such a long trip, though, Jane, to tell you the truth, I haven't actually seen a ten-cent piece in month. I've gone without tobacco when I thought the desire for it would run me distracted. So—"

"I didn't come for help—Lord, Lord, I only wish it was that, Joe. I've already had the operation, and I'm recovering. I've come over here, Joe, to make an awful confession."

"A—a—what?" he said.

There was a pause. Jane Hemingway unrolled her bonnet and put it on, pulling the hood down over her line of vision.

"Joe, I've come to tell you that I've been a bad woman; I've been a bad, sinning woman since away back there when you married Ann. Things you used to say to me, I reckon, turned my silly head. You remember when you took me to camp-meeting that night, and we sat through meeting out in the buggy under the trees. I reckon, if it was all to do over you wouldn't have said so much. I reckon you wouldn't if you'd known you were planting a seed that was going to fructify and bear the fruit of hate and enmity that would never rot; but, for all I know, you may have been saying the same things to other girls

who knew better how to take them than I did."

"Oh, Jane, I was a fool them days," Joe Boyd broke in, with an actual flush of shame in his tanned face.

"Well, never mind about that," Jane went on, with a fresher determination under his own admission. "I reckon I let it take too strong a hold on me. I never could give up easy, and when you got to going with Ann, and she was so much prettier and more sprightly than me, it worked against my nature. It hardened me, I reckon. I married soon after you did, but I won't tell about that; he's dead and gone. I had my child—that was all, except—except my hate for Ann. I couldn't stand to see you and her so happy together, and you both were making money and I was losing what I had. Then, Joe, we all heard about —we all learned Ann's secret."

"Don't—for the love of mercy—don't fetch that up!" Boyd groaned.

"But I *have* to, Joe," Jane persisted, softly. "At first I was the happiest woman that the devil ever delighted by flashing a lying promise with his fire on a wall. I thought you were going to scorn her, but I saw that day I met you at the meeting-house that you were inclined to condone the past, and that drove me wild; so I—" Jane choked up and paused.

"I remember that day," Joe Boyd said, with a deep breath. "I'll never forget it as long as I live, for what you said dropped me back into the bottomless pit of despair. I'd been trying to think she'd been straight with me *since* we married, but when you—"

"What I told you that morning, Joe, was a cold, deliberate lie!"

"A—a—" he stammered. "No, no, you don't mean that—you can't mean—"

"Every—single—thing—I—told you—that—day—was—a—lie!" Jane said, with an emphatic pause between each word.

"I can't understand. I don't see—really, Jane, you can't mean that what you said about Chester's going there day after day when my back was turned, and that you saw them together in the woods below your house that day when I was—"

"Everything I told you was a lie from the devil, out of the very fumes of hell," Jane said, pulling off her bonnet and looking him squarely in the face. "A lie—a lie, Joe."

"Oh, my God!" Boyd cried. "And I, all these years I have—"

"You've been believing what I said. But I'm not through yet. I've been in a dark room fasting and praying for a month to overcome my evil inclination not to speak the truth, and I finally conquered, so I'm going to tell the whole thing. Joe, Ann Boyd is the best woman God ever let live. She was as true as steel to you from the day she married till now. I have been after her day and night, never giving her a moment's rest from my persecutions, and how do you reckon she retaliated? She paid me back by actually saving my worthless life and trying to keep me from knowing who did it. She did something else. She did me the greatest favor one woman could possibly do another. I don't intend to say what that particular thing was, but she must have the credit. Now I'm through. I'm going back home."

Boyd drew his ill-clad feet towards him. He spread out his two arms wide and held them so, steadily. "Look at me—just look at me," he said. "Woman, before you go back, take one good look at me. You come to me—a mere frazzle of what I once was—when there is no hope of ever regaining my youth and self-respect—and tell me—oh, my God!—tell me that I believed *you* instead of *her!* She said, with tears in her eyes, on

her knees before me, that that first mistake was all, and I told her she lied *in her throat,* and left her, dragging from her clinging arms the child of her breast, bringing it up and raising it to what you see she is. And now you come literally peeping into my open coffin and telling *this* to my dead face. Great God, woman, before Heaven I feel like striking you where you set, soaked in repentance though you are. All these misspent years I've been your cowardly tool, and her—her—"

"I deserve it—talk on!" Jane Hemingway said, as she rose and clutched her carpet-bag and held it tremblingly.

But Joe Boyd's innate gentleness had been one of the qualities many women loved, and even before the cowering creature who had wrecked his life he melted in manly pity.

"No," he said, stretching out his hand with something like one of his old gestures—"no, I'm going too far, Jane. We are all obedient to natural laws, as Ann used to say. Your laws have made you do just as you have, and so have mine. Away back there in the joy-time of youth my laws made me say too much to you. As you say, I planted the seed. I did; I planted the seed that bore all the fruit; I planted it when I kissed you, Jane, and said them things to you that night which I forgot the next day. Ann could have made something out of me better than this. As long as I had her to manage me, I did well. You see what I am now."

"Yes, I see; and I'm as sorry as I know how to be." Jane sighed as she passed out into the open sunlight. "I'm going home, Joe. I may never lay eyes on you again in this life. If you can say anything to make me feel better, I'd be thankful."

"There isn't anything, except what I said just now about our natural laws, Jane," he said, as he stood shading his eyes from the glare of the sun. "Sometimes I think that nobody hain't to blame for nothing they do, and that all of this temporary muddle is just the different ways human beings have of struggling on to a better world beyond this."

"I thought maybe you might, in so many words, say plain out that you'd forgive me, Joe." She had turned her face towards the road she was to travel, and her once harsh lip was quivering like that of a weeping child.

"The natural law would come in there, too," Boyd sighed. "Forgiveness, of the right sort, don't spring to the heart in such a case as this like a flash of powder in the pan. If I'm to forgive, I will in due time, I reckon; but right now, Jane, I feel too weak and tired, even for that—too weak and heartsick and undone."

"Well, I'm going to pray for it, Joe," she said, as she started away. "Good-bye. May the Lord above bless you."

"Good-bye, Jane; do the best you can," he said, "and I'll try to do the same."

(To be Continued.)

BRIERFIELD, THE ANTE-BELLUM HOME OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY JOHN PAUL JONES, ASHWOOD, LA.

"The hills are dearest which our
childish feet
Have climbed the earliest, and
streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young
lips drank
Stooped to their waters o'er the
grassy bank."

WHILE the heart of the Georgia boy, who writes this, asseverates the truth declared by the poet, he, at the same time, is well aware that there are shrines towards which not only one at a time, but many minds and hearts turn with a "sadness and longing." There was once an Eden, there is yet a Jerusalem, a Mecca, a Mt. Calvary, a Mt. Vernon, a Montpelier—names which vivify thought and quicken the heart beat. The reason that such is true needs no delineation here. Homage to genius, to merit, to truth, and to principle is a natural, a voluntary oblation of the normal human heart.

Only a short distance from where I now live, and occupied by a courteous, gracious family, is Brierfield, once the home of the first and only President of that "Storm Cradled Nation," which, like many others, exists only in history.

Mr. Davis' career belongs to future rather than contemporaneous history. Let it suffice, just here, to declare that it requires no profound seer to predict that some day in the archives of the world's devoted heroes his name will yet be inscribed on a much loftier tablet of fame than that of many of those whose temporary success has placed theirs above his.

Thirteen Colonies wrested, through blood and suffering, from a tyrant not only the right of freedom, which is inherent, but the right to exercise that freedom which tyranny has ever sought to abridge. That the Colonies won and Mr. Davis lost does not affect the principle for which both contended. Contemporaneous success or defeat is a faulty standard by which to arrive at an ultimate conclusion. The incident, a few years ago, of a mob putting a few foreigners to death, in the city of New Orleans, in this, my adopted State, hurried the then Secretary of State, the Hon. James G.

VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM A DISTANCE.

Blaine, to forcefully enunciate to the foreign Government, complaining in the interest of their subjects, every principle for which Mr. Davis contended. The most vital Governmental principle to which he held has during the present, in many things very able, administration not only been recognized but guaranteed to a Central American seceding State. He who would destroy the sovereignty of a State would destroy that Governmental system for which our ancestors paid such a fearful price. The only system under the beneficence of Heaven that has secured civil and religious freedom. Under no other system, in no other age, has such freedom ever obtained.

Brierfield is situated on Palmyra Island in the Mississippi River. It is twenty-five miles below Vicksburg, seventy-five above Natchez. The plantation contains twenty-three hundred and eighty acres, about fifteen hundred acres are cleared for pasture and cultivation. There are about seventeen miles of levee around the island which will stand a rise of fifty feet of water. Some years the highest natural elevations are as much as five feet under water. The dwelling is a wooden building fronted with a live-oak and pecan grove. There are eight rooms, hall, and four galleries. Attached is a kitchen built of brick. Three cisterns in the rear of the dwelling—no well or spring water. A few feet east of the dwelling stands a large oak tree grown from an acorn brought by Mr. Davis from Mexico on his return from the Mexican war. On the north are two tall pine trees brought, when little fellows, in a cigar box, by Mrs. Davis from near the coast of North Carolina. Not far from the dwelling are still to be seen a few rose bushes, the remains of a once lovely flower garden. Uncle Ned, old and decrepit, is the only Davis negro remaining on the place.

Gen. Taylor was visiting Mr. Davis when he learned of his nomination for President. He and Mr. Davis were of different political parties and 'tis not supposed that Mr. Davis voted for his father-in-law, nor is it probable that Gen. Taylor expected his support. Some, perhaps, would call it the irony of fate that Abraham Lincoln made speeches in the interest of Gen. Taylor's candidacy.

VIEW OF THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

Mr. Davis was at Brierfield when he learned of his having been chosen President of the Confederate States, a position he neither sought nor expected. His preference was for the field rather than the court. It is possible that the choice of him for President was not only a personal, but a national misfortune. A less conservative and a more revolutionary

character was needed to insure the success of a revolt against those who sought to subvert the guaranteed rights under the Constitution of a part of those who had made that Constitution a possibility. Had Mr. Davis been the revolutionist, the disrespector of the Constitution, that the representative head, Mr. Lincoln, of the Abolition party was, then history might have been differently written. The principles for which Mr. Davis contended and for which he became a vicarious victim, the principle for which he was outraged by a "vulgarian," a "plebeian" and dudish military coxcomb known as Nelson A. Miles, the principle for which he was outlawed by a Government to which he had devoted the best years of his life and for which Government he had jeopardized his life and shed his blood, that principle still lives in the hearts of every lover of a Constitutional Government.

Whatever that is detractory that has been said or written of Mr. Davis, it remains unalterably true that he was a chivalrous, punctilious, scholarly gentleman, patriotically devoted to a Republic of States as he understood and interpreted the same. Historians tell us that the body of Wickliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," was dug up and his dust cast into the Avon and the poet adds:

"The Avon to the Sevron runs
The Sevron to the sea
And Wickliffe's ashes are spread abroad,
As wide as the waters be."

VIEW OF LAKE IN FRONT OF HOUSE.

The principles enunciated by Mr. Jefferson, of whom Mr. Davis was a disciple, must ultimately pervade the earth or the ultimate result will be such as I shall not attempt to forecast.

Just a few days before his death, Mr. Davis visited Brierfield and at the time did his last writing. It was in an album of Miss Trainor, who was then livng at Brierfield. This is what he wrote:

"May your paths be peaceful and pleasant, charged with the fruit of doing good to others."

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

BY HELEN GRAY.

IT WAS the 24th day of December, and nearing the noon hour. I was seated at my desk writing. Outside, the wind howled piteously, the trees were shrouded in ice. I was a bachelor, turned thirty-five, fond of books and outdoor amusements. My chief happiness was centered in my profession, which was that of the law.

The usual troubles to which flesh is heir, had been mine. I had reached a time when peace and contentment were all I desired. The delusions of life had fled.

Something crashed against the window-pane, causing me to wheel about suddenly in my chair. It was merely a bunch of detached twigs, but the incident served to turn my thoughts upon the elements. The trees on the sidewalk were crouching before the blast. As I observed their contortions, my memory recalled a similar day, fifteen years back, when Adelaide Archer and I plighted our troth, in the library at her father's home.

I had not seen my love since the hour of our betrothal. The war carried me into the thick of the fight; and, when I laid down my arms, well——

There was another sound from the natural world; a tree crashed to earth. I arose, speculated upon the event, and replenished the fire.

The flames leaped cheerily up the chimney, lighting up the dark walls of my den. A sense of impending happiness came over me.

I seated myself before the fire-place in a rocker, and let my eyes lift to the portrait of my old commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, which hung over the clock. Idly contemplative, my gaze strayed from it to another portrait, which hung higher on the wall. The portrait of a woman enjoying her first youth. Her figure was draped in shimmering white, and she wore a crown of sweet olive leaves on her hair.

The face that smiled down upon me was not strictly beautiful, it was essentially soulful. The brow was broad and intellectual, the eyes large and luminous, the mouth sympathetic. It was a face that a man once having loved, could not easily forget.

Unconsciously my gaze withdrew from the portrait to the doorway. The door which had hitherto been closed, was ajar. On the threshold, stood a lady; a vision robed in a toilet similar to that in the portrait. She stretched out her hands to me. She murmured my name softly. It was Adelaide.

Like one in a trance I made towards her, and drew her into the room, and to a chair before the fire.

The years had passed over her lightly. She had been the gainer, not they. A beautiful light irradiated her.

"I came in obedience to your call. I have but a moment to tarry," she said softly.

My lips moved, but could make no sound. I was as one in a dream.

"It was but an instant ago that your message reached me, Reginald. I was standing before the window in the library, the wind was blowing a hurricane. My thoughts were centered upon you, and something led me through space to you."

An entrancing feeling of happiness

came over me. Again she spoke, shorter, tenderly.

"It seems but yesterday that we parted, sweetheart, in the library of the old home. My heart has yearned sorely for you since."

She drew her shimmering garments about her, while the sweet olive flowers in her hair gave forth their scent.

"Never an Xmas Eve since but my heart has been with you, Reginald. My love! my love! know that Adelaide has never forgotten."

She glided from her place by the fire to the doorway. I became conscious that she was leaving me.

"A BACHELOR'S REVERIE."

I sprang to my feet. My arms reached out to her. "Adelaide! my beloved! they made me believe you were dead."

In vain! In vain! I had found my voice too late. The swish of her garments down the hallway told me she was gone.

The fire-light flickered on the wall, the storm was over, twilight was deepening. I had sat hours conning over Adelaide's presence in my den. My pipe looked up at me reproachfully; my tea-kettle, reflectively. The aspect of my den became chilly.

But I had made my resolve. The next day I would start on a journey that must lead me to Adelaide.

That night my dreams were of the woman who for more than fifteen years had reigned in my heart.

The next day found me traveling in the direction of my sweetheart's old home. Arrived there, my first errand was to the mansion in which occurred my wooing. Alas! change is an ingredient of time. The family had moved away after the surrender, and none knew their whereabouts. I had written many letters at the close of the conflict, and, receiving no answer, concluded that Adeaide had looked upon our romance as a puerile affair. I scarcely realized then the life-long hold she held upon my heart. Inquiry was made of every person who might be able to give the desired information, but without avail.

On the third day of my arrival, I was making my way disconsolately down one of the streets of the town, when a negro woman accosted me. Glancing up I faced Jennie, who in the days gone bye was a maid in my true love's home. My heart leaped with joy, and not without reason. Jennie's best Christmas gift had come from "Miss Adelaide,"—in a little Louisiana town, living alone with her aunt, I would find my beloved.

And so it was that on a fair December afternoon, the last one of the year, I found myself lifting the latch of a cottage gate, in a little inland Creole town. And my eyes were suffused with happiness, and my heart was overflowing with peace; for in the doorway of the cottage stood Adelaide, beckoning. And on her hair she wore a wreath of sweet olive leaves, and her garments were of shimmering white.

THE WIZARD OF LOST COVE.

BY FRANK E. ANDERSON.

I.

"Let the He-Witch die!"

On Rugged Mountain, the Apostle of the Blue Ridge was invoking the terrors of Mount Sinai to impress the White Caps of Lost Cove, grouped round their leader, Roger Anson, who filled the Gray Chair of Judgment.* In the Alleghanies, might is law and men are used to killing. But for *him* to urge it—him, ordinarily so gentle that the tawny deer fed from his hand—they knew not what to think of that!

The leaves of the primeval oaks overhead shivered beneath that voice, which was as keen as the sword of Samuel slaughtering King Agag.

"Do ye fergit th' Almighty's comman': 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'? Oh-h! shun the eend o' Saul! Let the Wizard o' Lost Cove die!"

A worried frown wrinkled Captain Anson's brow.

"Who testifies agin Ben Spotswood?" he demanded.

"Come fo'th, Tom Shanklin!" shouted the Apostle.

"You!" snorted the captain. "Sally Wingfield tossed the red year o' corn to Ben larst shuckin', instid o' yo' way, didn't she?"

The blood leapt into Tom Shanklin's sunburnt face.

"Shet yo' jowls," he cried, "Lessen I lock 'em so no yarb-doctor cain't squint at yo' tongue."

*An arm-chair of granite, placed by Nature on the top of one of the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge in Virginia.

"Eat a leetle mo' meat, Son, 'fo' you talk 'bout beardin' a growned man," roared Roger, springing up. But Lieutenant Hightower jumped between.

A thousand feet below lay Lost Cove, sleeping beneath pale shadows from the peaks like a tired child under a transparent counterpane. At its edge was Ben's cabin. Tom Shanklin pointed to the field beyond it.

"For three year," he began, "Them no-'count acres has brung Ben Spotswood clover two foot high, with skearlet blossoms so like strawberries you ketch yo'se'f wantin' to eat 'em with cream. Yaller corn have always trod that clover's heels—two whoppin' years to the stalk, each year as plump as a gal's boosum, with grains a moonshiner (like Ben's daddy)—'ud ketch to bile into draps o' mountain dew. Accordin'ly Ben's rich as we-all's po'. At fust, my scent were off-trail, for I opined Ben had won the turkey by throwin' double-six on seed. Some bu-re-o at Washin'ton had franked him his'n. What bu-re-o, I dunno. I'm no jedge o' town furnichur. I filched some. In my choc-late loam—(the best plot o' groun' in all the gaps roun')—they punied as slim as a stepmother's hankerin' for the chillen o' the woman who had her ole man afore her, whilst his'n—but you-all seen 'em. 'Thar's mo'n seed in Ben's dice-box, I ruminated, chawin' the cud o' whyness for this wharfore. Boys he's a conjurer. Alf Sorrel an' I beheld him. He were talkin' out loud to hisself—(a shore sign you've sold yo' soul to Satan)—'you leetle imps

o' hell, the witches o' the air shall make you grow as ef the devil was boostin' you up from below,' he promised them seeds, 'twell you gits to thinkin' o' heaven, when you'll blush as crimson as Sally's mouth. I'm wuckin' fo' you, my dear, 'an he went way down, "I love you so, through hell byarfoot I'd go, ef you was waitin' on tother side—(Do that sound Christian? By Judas Priest, No! But did you ever butt into Ben at church? Were he ever washed in the blood o' the Lam' at the mo'ner's bench? Did'nt I hear him argufy to the Apostle wonst that every letter an' punctuation point o' the Bible warn't gorspel truth bekase the sun warn't no gran'father's clock to be stopped by Joshuay?)—But to return. Pourin' the seed into a bahrrel, hangin' by a tank, an' j'inin' tank and bahrrel with hose, Ben emptied the steamin' kittle from his harth into the tank an' dipped in a glass tube with a thread o' liquid metal runnin' loose in its bowels. When he drawed that tube out somethin' had scairt the metal into climbin' a ladder to try to git away. 'Temperachure jest right,' observed Ben, asquintin' at the tube. 'Now I'll sick the leetle sperrits o' life on the witches o' the air to bark 'em or bite 'em into feedin' my seed.' Drawin' fo'th a bottle o' sunbeams stewed to amber jelly an' pullin' out its gag o' raw cotton, he tilted the stuff into the tank an stirred it with a paddle, gapin like he'd ketched the Creator a buildin' the Yuniverse out o' nothin' at His own expense. With a twist o' a spigot, he left that witch-substance guggle into the bahrrel, twell a growlin' showed the tank were empty. Then he whirled the bahrrel over 'n'over, dreened it an' drapped the seed to dry. Nex' day he sowed 'em—Did the imps an' sperrits an' witches tote him toll?"

Each white-cap searched his neighbor's mind and read there what was in his own.

"Air this so?" Lieutenant Hightower questioned Alf Sorrel.

"So it be," Alf averred.

But Captain Anson rose from the Gray Chair of Judgment.

"Comrades," he exclaimed, "Don't snuff Ben out without hark'ning to him fust—for yo' caint light his candle agin, ef yo' finds yo'selves mistooken. You've knowed Ben aigg an' bird. Sence I tuck the youngster as an orphant to Mrs. Anson—(it so bein' we had no boy o' our own)—ef he's put a spider in the dumplin' o' any one on you, stand fo'th. Umhuh! None o' you's in a lather fum gallopin.' Then what you goin' to slaughter him for? Bekase he's rich? Did he sweat his money out o' you or out o' hisse'f? Then don't make a widow o' Ben's Honey, afore Ben's wived her, simply bekase Tom Shanklin's honin' to wipe away her ters. Let Tom git another. Thar's oodlins o' wimmen, but on'y one Ben Spotswood. Do you want to put out his chunk, bekase his eyes is too young to read the Scriptures through the Apostle's specks? The lad's in the leaf yit. His Maker'll head him up in season. Lemme ast you a simple question. Who-all in Lost Cove squahrs walk an' conversation closter by the Golden Rule nor Ben Spotswood? Don't all speak to wunst. So! It'ud take mighty sharp years to hear what you ain't a sayin'. Witchcraft? By Dad, no! What Blacksburg folks calls Science fotched them craps. Shake yourselves awake! Ain't you hoofed it enough to want to spahr yo' shoes a spell? Then larn from him how to climb into the band wagon. He'll teach you. For your sakes as well as his'n, boys, hear my son!"

But again the exhorter blew up the smouldering embers of Mount Sinai. Tearing his white hair and beard like a prophet in Israel, he howled:

"I say unto you, he-ark-in unto Jehovah, rather, then to Roger An-

son. Let the Wizard o' Lost Cove die!"

"We shall follow our Father," Lieutenant Hightower covenanted for them.

But the Captain smote the Gray Chair of Judgment.

"By the Eternal," he swore, "Ben Spotswood shall not die."

But Tom Shanklin and three others gripped him from behind. Raging at their attack—his blue eyes bursting from their sockets—his face filling with blood—his short fair hair bristling—his grinding teeth gnashing foam—he sustained their weight on his mighty loins, nor was overthrown until the others had cast themselves upon him, also, when, like a huge wild boar pulled down by a pack of hounds, he fell beneath them.

"Stop beatin' him," ordered Lieutenant Hightower. "Ef we was as nigh to Ben as he is, we'd rastle a bit for the boy ourselves. Tie him an' take him into the woods. You Alf Sorrel an' Abe Wigglesworth an' Joe Binns an' Zekiel Holden, gyard him thar, twell otherwise directed. You yothers ram dimes over yo' bullets, as we hain't got no silver balls—an' only silver 'll plug a witch—an' at seven on the tick assemble at Mount Zion."

II.

"So-aw, Sookey! So-aw, Sookey! So-aw!

When this yodel reached her, dun Molly grazed in leisurely fashion across the pasture toward Sally Wingfield.

The maid was in a short lavender colored calico gown, beneath which her bare feet were in sight. Tall, straight and healthy, without the fragile grace of a city belle whom the first breath of misfortune would puff from her spouse's side of Paradise, she was comely with the strength of a big wholesome country lass, who would stay in this world by the side of the man of her choice and help him fight on through the battle of life, though every tempest in heaven should blow at once. Blue Ridge limestone had built her frame. Her blood had been strained by the air of her native peaks, till it glowed through her pink cheeks (on each of which was a dimple where Love had left his birthmark)—in her brown eyes—(which were born thieves of hearts), and on her rosy mouth (sweet food for kisses to him with the right to take them). She had set pail and stool near the gray barn, and, having dropped her lilac sunbonnet on the greensward, was pushing the ringlets from her broad low forehead and soothing those other ebon curls, which reached her waist behind.

Having dawdled hither at last, Molly was starting to lick those shapely bare feet, but Sally jumped away giggling. "You foolish old Molly, don't! You tickle; back now! Stand!" and, hitching the stool forward, she began drawing buzzing yellow streams into the bucket, which had nearly filled when—"Oh-oo!" she burst forth "I *do* hate you." But her smack stung her own skin only. "Ugh! Perhaps it's in my hair." And she shook her tresses. "Not there? I do hope its not exploring my back." She tore open her dress. "Thank goodness, No!" she sighed. "But I *do* wonder why God wasted dirt, making bugs." Hardly had she resumed her task when again the thing wriggled across her flesh. "Dog-on-it," she shrieked. As she wheeled round in pursuit, she was tripped by the stool and fell into Ben Spotswood's arms.

"Flies troublesome, Honey?" he chuckled. "Sugar *will* draw them. But it *was* mean in me to tickle you. I kept you from bumping that saucy little nose, though; and that deserves a taste of your cherry-red lips, as the song puts it." And he bent toward them.

"No, *Sir.*" She was hiding against his coat. "Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane, Ben Spotswood 'll hug me, if you don't stop him."

Encouraged by her all but inaudible accents, he clasped her more tightly, saying:

"I came, because——"

One mischievous eye peeped up at him.

"That's as easy as a-b-c. You came, because you couldn't stay away."

His intense glance shivered into twinkling bits at that.

"Molly," he explained, "I strolled over to let this crimson clover tell your mistress how I love her."

"Humph. I'm no cow to be fed on fodder, Sir," objected Sally, pouting.

"But I thought you'd like them," he protested. "Crimson clover made the fortune I mean to share with you. Besides, I planted these particular ones to bloom for you, when all the others had been turned into hay. But"—— he halted abruptly. "Here, Molly."

Sally escaped and snatched the bunch. Fastening it at her bosom, she danced nearer. Her deft smack sent the wide-brimmed felt from his head. Skipping back and keeping out of reach, "hats off to the ladies," she jeered him prettily, with a fleeting grimace, which wounded him mortally. "Have some manners, do, in the presence of your betters, Mr. Spotswood."

"Don't mister me," he interrupted her. "Call me plain Ben."

"Well, plain Ben, if that fits a pretty boy like you," she continued, "Can you behave? So. Then you may sit beside me and, as the clover hasn't uttered a word, you may tell me yourself of your best cure for chicken croup."

He strove to be stern but ended by grinning.

"I have the nest ready for a certain pullet," he suggested.

She raised a warning finger.

"Fine company you put me in," she complained. "Cows and chickens."

"Count me in, then," he added.

"I'm poor at figures," she tittered. "But, Mr. Spots—, plain Ben I mean, as I milk, you may tell me about your —— Oh! anything you like. Back now, Molly, stand!" and the yellow streams again began humming into the tin.

Ben Spotswood flopped himself on the turf by her.

"Sally," he coaxed, "won't you marry me at once?"

She pierced him with the innocent uplift of an eyebrow.

"How can I?" said she. "Where's the preacher?"

"O pshaw," he grumbled, fondling a curl, as he spoke. "Say 'yes' and I'll beat Dan Patch's corrected time in fetching that good old saint, the Apostle of Lost Cove——"

"To make two sinners one?" she inquired archly.

"Say 'yes'" he repeated, ignoring her interruption, "for you know I've loved you ever since—ever since—O, by gum! I was born loving you."

"Smart child," she quizzed him, "Caring for me seven years before I came to earth myself. You compliment your affection at the expense of my age. But, to satisfy you that I don't bear malice, you shall marry me——"

"When, when?" he besought her breathlessly.

"I marry you," she concluded.

Gathering himself together from the sod, he studied the outlines of his lifelong friend, Rugged Mountain. Across her shoulder, her eyes were sparkling at him as crisply as shine the beams of the Morning Star, when he jaws the Watchman of the Flying Hours for waking him to work too early.

"You are not miffed at me, Ben, are you?" she asked, in cajoling accents. "You needed a thrashing for squeez-

ing me, so I whipped you with Eve's weapon. But I'll forgive you now, cross my heart."

And the rogue ran a slim forefinger from chin to apron-band and then across the other way over the clover. Each syllable was flowing on softly now.

"Please let me do some needlework, first. I have no wedding dress——"

"You'll suit me as you are," he pleaded.

"I'd be a fright," she faltered.

Shamed by his gaze, she dug her bare toes into the fresh grass and wriggled them as a little girl might, then—with the sudden shock of a woman's recollection—overwhelmed because she had no shoes on, she scurried her feet beneath that calico gown, only to find it too scant to hide them. Her color heightened. As crimson as the clover with which she was toying nervously, she stammered deliciously:

"Still, Ben, if—if you would be really—really happy, if I should—" her fingers were twisting and untwisting an invisible cord, "perhaps— perhaps I won't postpone it, if—if you are in such an awful hurry that you can't do without me any longer."

"To-morrow, then?" he asked.

"To-morrow, then," she answered.

He sought to draw her to him, but she held him at arms'-length.

"Not now, Oh! not now," she gasped. "To-morrow."

A harsh yell exploded across the field.

"Sally, you Sally, ain't you never goin' to git here with that milk?"

"O Ben, Aunt Jane is hopping, because I have lagged so, "the girl almost whimpered. "Hide till I'm in the house. Good-bye—" and she leaned toward him, her lips nearly touching his cheek, "Until, to-morrow."

III.

On the Blue Ridge the sun—that master gardener of the sky—had thrown an armful of red roses and golden lilies, to rest his back and breathe awhile before taking them through the black house of the west to the white breasts of those heavenly virgins, the planets—so that the afterglow, which was gradually falling into the gray sadness of evening, still lingered on the mountains. But below, the dusk had already settled on Lost Cove till morning, since tonight no moon would lift it with her pale fingers. Darker grew the atmosphere, as peak after peak stole into the land of shadows, until a star—just one—burned overhead, like the eye of the Almighty fixed on the doings of man. At the foot of the meadow the brook was snickering, as he remembered the earth's surprise, when she felt the first rain on her face, and somewhere in the wilderness a wild-dove was soothing her nestlings to slumber: "Co-roo, co-roo, co-roo!" To Ben Spotswood, smoking on his porch, never before had Lost Cove been so lonely. But the life of a husband's house is his good wife, who makes it home for him, and to-morrow, Sally—

What is that? "Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-patter, pit-a-pat." The light steps of one running. As he rose, she sprang to him.

"O Ben," she gasped, "The White Caps have voted to burn you as a he-witch, 'a burnt sacrifice unto the Lord,' they call it. They were to assemble at seven at Mount Zion—so they must be all around us now."

"My God," he exclaimed. "Then you musn't be out here."

Catching her up, he rushed in. As she sank into a chair, he patted her bare feet.

"Dear little feet, we'll fool them yet!"

She stared at him with widely opening eyes.

"*Are* you a he-witch?" she asked, shrinking from him.

"Wait till after this cabin is ashes. I'll tell you then," he replied.

Loading his rifle and leaning it against the chimney, he was buckling on his ammunition belt, but she cast her arms around him, imploring him:

"Keep under cover and fight."

At that instant Tom Shanklin vaulted over the sill. He was covered with dust and was panting from his chase after Sally. The fierce passions, which were feeding upon him, had blotched his distorted features with livid shadows and had faded the healthy brown of his tanned skin to a sickly saffron. With one hand dashing the blinding light from his glazed and half-shut eyes, he stretched out the other to the girl.

"Sally, O Sally," he cried. "What you doin' here? That man's tetch is death. He's fuel for the flames. Come with me.

He advanced toward her but she repelled him.

"Tom Shanklin," said she. "Go into the outer darkness, where you belong. I'd rather die with him, than live with you."

"Don't say that, Sally, please don't," he entreated. "For the sake of how I've loved you ever sence them days I drawed you to school on my sled an' snuggled red apples inter your lap, callin' you my little wife, don't say that. You didn't hate me then, Sally, for Ben Spotswood's shadow hadn't crossed our sunshine then. O Sally, no saint never loved Gord more'n I loved you then—more'n I love you yit. By that love, I beg you to come. Think what it means to burn even the eend o' yo' leetle finger. O my Gord! what frightful torture it would be, was you to feel sich pains through all your sweet young body all to wunst. Sally, come ef you never speaks to me again. 'Twould comfort some to know you was livin' still, though not for me. Come! The hour draws nigh. Come!"

"Here's my answer," she exclaimed. And she kissed Ben Spotswood. "The first I ever gave you," she murmured. "The first and," with a quiver of the lips, "the last."

"You shall not die. By Gord, I'll save you, ef I have to cut his throat to do it," cried Tom Shanklin.

With gleaming knife, he bounded upon Ben. But the Wizard of Lost Cove dodged. Catching Tom's wrist, he jerked the blade flying. Another twist spun Tom face to face with him. Out leapt his foot and Tom struck the floor. With the blood gushing from his nostrils and half unconscious, the White Cap was hurled through the door, which was slammed to and bolted after him. A faint voice arose afar off. The Apostle of Lost Cove was praying:

"Lord, we cain't onderstan' the cruel marcy o' Thy ways, tho' we obey Thy will. Spyar, we beseech Thee, an' pyardon this soul that parseth thro' the flames to Thee."

A hoarse refrain swept back from every side:

"Amen, Lord, Amen!"

"You poor old victim of Hebrew theology," soliloquized Ben, compassionately, as he listened. "Mad as a March hare from too much Jehovah and too little Christ! The life long friend of my parents, yet planning to butcher me because you believe in witches, and that I am one!"

He turned to Sally.

"Dear," said he, "that poor old man out there is their Saint Paul to the folks of these parts—their Apostle of Lost Cove. Fifty years he's preached, converted, baptized, married, nursed and buried them and theirs. More ignorant even than he, what he says they will do. Sally, there is no escape yonder. We must travel another road."

He laid hold of his gun. Trembling and white to the lips, she came closer. In a small childish treble, broken by

gaps of horror-stricken silence, she lisped:

"Are—you—going—to—kill—yourself—and—me?"

He smiled sympathizingly.

"No, I shall not hurt you, them or myself."

Sick, half with fear, half with scorn, she sneered:

"Will you let them kill you and me, without taking some of them along to wait on us?"

Again he smiled.

"I do not want their lives."

"You are a martyr," she sobbed. "But, God forgive me, I loved a man."

He flinched at this, but his grim scowl was fleeting.

"I won't harbor that against you, as you do not understand," he said. "Come!"

Half carrying her into the inner room, he placed her close to the wall and barred the window-shutter.

"Don't stir till I reach you," he whispered.

Out went the lamp. She heard a low creaking. A gush of air blew against her. "Sh—h," cautioned Ben, lifting her. She felt him descending step by step. Setting her down, "Be silent," he directed. "Don't move till I return. I must fetch Old Trusty and the lantern."

Again that grating noise crept through the black gloom. But Ben was with her immediately.

"Pinch my shirt-sleeve hard and hold on to it," he said. "Stoop low and follow. I'll strike a light as soon as it is safe."

"Click—click! Click—click!"

It is the warning chirp of those crickets of destruction, the cocking triggers of mountaineer rifles. Forms creep up. "Swish," goes kerosene against the logs. Splinters, steeped in oil, slide under them. Trains of powder feed hungry snakes of sparks, which hiss in like lightning. The fat pine catches. Those acrobats in loose scarlet robes—the flames—grip the eaves with their devouring hands and, swinging themselves over the shingles, call to their sisters—the furies of combustion—who whirl in flowing vestments of vermillion and sapphire and orange, as they spurn the dying house with their blazing feet. The rising wind swoops down. Smoke swirls up. Glowing flakes fall hither and yon. A sudden heaving. The rafters yield. The roof totters. It plunges in. The glare blinds like noon-tide in the South.

On the brink of Rugged Mountain, a thousand feet above, Ben and Sally had paused behind the screening foliage of a dogwood overrun with grapevines. For a space neither spoke. Then he said:

"The Lord brings good out of evil. For, had not my father been a breaker of the law, that secret exit from his still would not have rescued us just now from that raging furnace below there. Sally, that is my reward for being fifty years ahead of my fellows in Lost Cove. I grew bumper crops on worn-out soil. Bacteriology and chemistry had taught me how. But they had never heard even the names of these sciences. Therefore, I was a witch. The Bible said witches must be put to death. So then I must die. And these are the folks, whom it was my dream to teach how to rise from ignorant poverty to intelligent success—these dumb starved cattle of the hills. If they had only waited till after to-morrow—but now let them find a Moses for themselves. I leave them, to return no more. Do you stay with them, or will you go with me? Speak—for the night must shelter my departure."

Without a word she laid her hand in his. Together they turned through darkness toward light.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Would That There Were More of This Sort.

NASHUA, IOWA.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I have before me your card of the 15th inst. In reply thereto, I enclose draft to your order in the sum of five dollars, for the following purposes: To continue my subscription to your magazine and paper for one year from the date my present subscription reaches to. The balance of the five dollars you are to apply in sending out sample copies where you are of the opinion the most good can be accomplished in the effort to awaken the people to the awful dangers which now threaten them, seemingly, yea in very truth and fact do now threaten them—the people—the large majority of the people, without respect to their present or past political party affiliations, by a train of disasters which I regard as appalling, absolutely appalling. Your magazine and paper hew to the line irrespective of burrs, knots, splinters and rot. I read your editorials in the light of the righteous wrath of God Almighty, rained deluge like, upon the evil doers. From the day I was officially declared elected a member of the Forty-eighth United States House of Congress to the present hour, there has been no let-up in the political and civic persecutions to which I have been subject. These chief malignant enemies of my Populistic views and never-tiring efforts, endeavored to turn me out of congress by a trial that lasted some weeks, but failed. Subsequently, they—these powerful enemies—endeavored to lodge my body in State prison. The trial was a severe one, but the devilish enemies of free speech, free press and a free people, met a signal failure.

These enemies secured the services of many postmasters within the jurisdiction of my newspaper's circulation to destroy it by informing me on the regulation card that my paper was "refused," and that ofttimes by subscribers who had paid in advance.

In the final attack, I was hauled into court by a vicious rascally proceeding, which cost me some $2,000, to follow to the end—the end—when my paper was dead; but the plant was restored to me—dead; circulation destroyed, plant and paper dead. I now have the entire plant on hand—dead. Hence, my great desire in part to help you in your glorious work. About the best I can do, now, is to lend your magazine and paper to such as promise to read the same and then lend to a reading, decent neighbor. Your publications should be placed in the hands of a million of readers.

We suffer now, ofttimes, the Calvanistic tortures of the damned, but victory will come to our children, and our children's children, if not to us. The god of gold—the calf—shall be destroyed and they who worship at that shrine shall perish with it. My very soul shouts glory! glory!! glory!!! to God's annointed.

Fraternally yours,
L. H. WELLER.

Col. Brownlow Always Adds Information.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

HON. THOMAS E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:

On page 14 of your *Weekly Jeffersonian* of Oct. 24, is an article on Andrew Jackson copied from *The Investigator* in which there is a quotation from a speech of Gen. George Crook on the injustice with which the Indians have always been treated by the Government of the United

States. Gen. Crook is high authority but, as corroborating his view and your own view, as given in your "Life of Jackson," I can quote higher authority than even Gen. Crook.

During the administration of President Arthur I attended a public meeting in Washington City held in Masonic Temple, the occasion being the unveiling of a life-sized painting of Gen. George H. Thomas. The principal speech of the evening (Gen. John A. Logan was one of the speakers) was delivered by the then United States Senator from Connecticut and Senator until his death, Gen. Joseph R. Hawley. Gen. Hawley said the first time he had ever met the hero of Stone River, Chickamauga, and Nashville, was in Washington in 1865 after the close of the war; that during the conversation where a half-dozen persons were present some one introduced the Indian question, and asked Gen. Thomas "why we had had so much trouble with the Indians?" General Thomas replied in almost the exact words used by Gen. Crook in Boston many years later. He said that "for thirty years before the Civil War he had, as a soldier of the regular army, participated in Indian wars on our frontier, and that in all that time he had never known of an outbreak by the Indians or of an outrage by them which had not been caused by the injustice of the whites. He said that the greed for land had caused the whites to trespass on Indian reservations, in violation of treaties, and that they had been invariably swindled by the agents and Government contractors in the quantity and quality of the supplies of various kinds which, by treaty, we were obligated to furnish them. He said these various outrages against the Indians had provoked retaliation by them; that the public had read of the barbarous murder of white settlers, the scalping of men and women, but had never known or considered the injustice which was the cause of these barbarous retaliations, and that the clamors of the people for the extermination of the Indians had always resulted in the army being used for that purpose."

General Hawley added that these statements of General Thomas had led him to study the Indian question with the result that he had found that General Thomas was correct and that the indignation manifested by General Thomas at the outrageous treatment by the United States of the red men had added greatly to the exalted estimate he entertained of the great soldier. Substantially I have quoted what Senator Hawley said.

How different the sentiment of Thomas from that of Gen. Sherman, who brutally said that the "only good Indian was a dead Indian."

My recollection is that the first man in Congress to make a plea for justice to the Indians was Sam Houston while a representative from Tennessee, and not long after that Davy Crockett did the same.

In the October installment of your Jackson you say "Governor *William* Blount and Major General William Cocke went out to the Hermitage to confer with the other Major General, Andrew Jackson," etc., etc. There is, I think, a slight error here. The Blount you refer to was Gov. Willie (pronounced as though spelled Wylie) Blount. Willie Blount was Governor of the *State* of Tennessee, and his uncle, William Blount, was our Territorial Governor, and one of our first Senators in Congress.

I have heard the story that Generals Cocke and Jackson were once thrown together on the field or within the same territory, and that Jackson compelled Cocke to report to him, though the latter's commission antedated the former's. Whether this story, told as illustrative of Jackson's imperious disposition, is true or not, I do not know.

I have noted contradictory statements in the press as to who originated the rural free delivery system. I served as representative of the postoffice department on the United States Government board of management at the Expositions of Nashville, in 1897, Omaha 1898, Buffalo 1900, Charleston 1901, and St. Louis 1904. While holding the position referred to I made it a point to inform myself on the history of every branch of the postal service and I required my assistant to do so that we might intelligently answer any inquiries made of us as to said service. It was my understanding while in the postal service that the credit of introducing Rural Free Delivery belonged to yourself, and I so told the many persons who asked me the question. At the time, I had never read any of your writings or speeches and knew nothing about you,

except that you were a member of Congress from Georgia.

In a few instances when I replied to the interrogatory "who got the bill through Congress to establish Rural Free Delivery"—"Watson, a member of Congress from Georgia," the reply was made to me: "*why, he is a Populist; I didn't know that d—d Populist Congressman had sense enough to introduce such a good thing.*"

I will add that the most popular feature of the postal exhibit at all the expositions since Rural Free Delivery was established, has been that branch of the service. I had every kind of wagon used in the service with lay figures of the men in charge. I had moving pictures representing the carrier taking mail from and depositing it in the boxes and the country maiden buying stamps from the postal official, licking the same and putting it on the envelope as it was dispatched to her sweetheart, and the smile of satisfaction with which she received a letter from him. At all the expositions the majority of the visitors were farmers, and the postoffice department, being nearer to the people than any other, the postal exhibit was the most interesting of any other of the Government exhibits. Not only were the farmers interested, but everybody, in the R. F. D. exhibit. Of course, the remark "I didn't know that a d—d Populist Congressman had sense enough to introduce so good a thing" came from fellows who lived in cities.

This controversy as to the paternity of Rural Free Delivery reminds me of that over the paternity of the Homestead bill. John Quincy Adams was the first man who ever made a speech in Congress in favor of giving 160 acres of public land to a settler. But Mr. Adams stopped when he made that one speech; he did nothing more. This was before Andrew Johnson went to Congress in 1843. In the first year of his service and subsequently for ten years he pressed his favorite measure, Homestead, until in 1893 he left Congress to become Governor of Tennessee. After four years as Governor he went to the United States Senate, in 1857, when he immediately reintroduced his Homestead measure and some Northern *Republican* newspapers expressed satisfaction at his election to the Senate because, as they said, "he was the father of the Homestead bill." He got his bill through the Senate before the Civil War broke out, when President Buchanan vetoed it.

While Johnson was military Governor of Tennessee, during the Civil War, Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, got Johnson's bill through Congress. Grow's term in Congress began in 1854, and yet Northern newspapers persist in calling Grow the *father* of the Homestead Law.

Yours truly,
JNO. B. BROWNLOW.

P. S. I have not written you for some time, but the interest in your Jackson is well sustained. J. B. B.

LILIES

The Marys of the field: they sit all day
With sweet white faces lifted to His own:
Rebuked of busy harvests: "Lo," they say,
"Speak to our sister, Lord; we serve alone."

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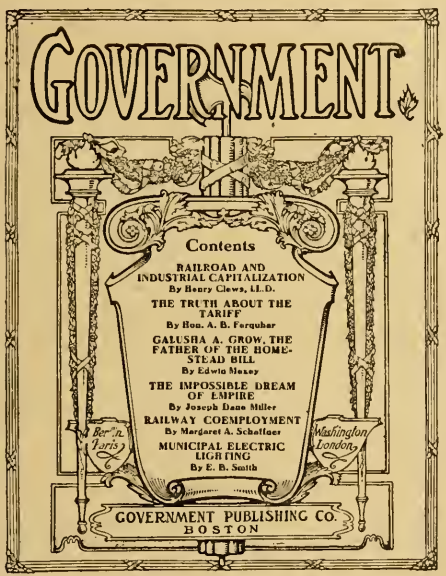

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